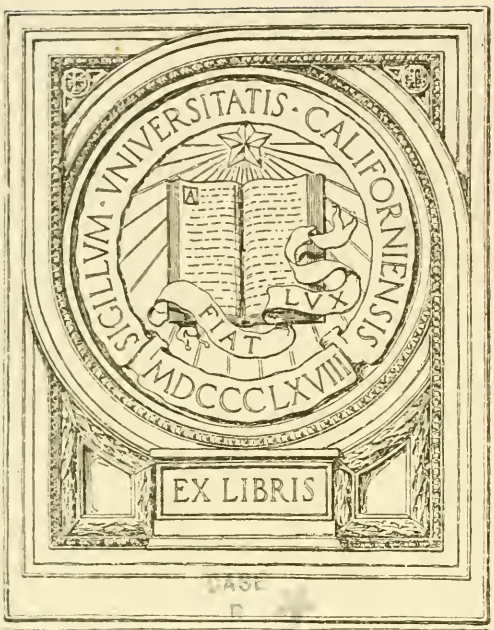
UC-NRLF
B 3 549 086



930
W756
1606
1912t

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Wily Beguild

Date of Earliest Known Edition . . 1606

[*Dyce Bequest, South Kensington*]

Reproduced in Facsimile 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Wily Beguild

1606

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Wily Beguild

1606

This facsimile is from a copy of the earliest known edition, which forms part of the Dyce Bequest to the South Kensington authorities.

Other editions appeared in 1623, 1635 *and* 1638.

The B.M. has copies of the 1623 *edition (Press-mark, 643, c.* 61*) and also of an undated impression (Press-mark, 643, c.* 60*), printed, like the* 1606 *edition, for Clement Knight.*

The Dyce Copy is a remarkably good example, and has special interest for scholars, inasmuch as the edges of the leaves have come down to us absolutely untrimmed, showing the original, in this respect, as it left the binder's hands—a very rare thing indeed.

The reproduction is marked as of the usual high quality as regards the work of both photographer and printer.

JOHN S. FARMER.

242124

A PLEASANT COMEDIE,

Called

WILY BEGVILDE.

The Chiefe Actors be these:

A poore Scholler, a rich Foole, and a Knaue at a ſhifte.

At London,
Printed by *H. L.* for Clement Knight:
and are to be ſolde at his Shop, in Paules
Church-yard, at the ſigne of the Holy Lambe.
1606.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Gripe: an Vsurer.
Ploddall: a Farmer.
Sophos: a Scholler.
Churms: a Lawyer.
Robin goodfellow.
Fortunatus: Gripes Son.
Lelia: Gripes daughter.
Nurse.
Peter Ploddall: Ploddals sonne.
Pegge: Nurses daughter.
Wil Cricket.
Mother Midnight.
An old man.
Syluanus.
Clearke.

SPECTRVM.

THE PROLOGVE.

VVHat hoe, where are these paltrie Plaiers? stil poaring in their papers and neuer perfect? for shame come forth, your Audience stay so long, their eies waxe dim with expectation.

[*Enter one of the Players.*]

How now my honest Rogue; what play shall wee haue here to night?

Play. Sir you may looke vpon the Title.

Prol. What, *Spectrum* once again? Why noble *Cerberus*, nothing but patch-pannell stuffe, olde gally-mawfreies and cotten-candle eloquence? out you bawling bandogge foxfurd slaue: you dried stockefish you, out of my sight. [*Exit the Player.*]

Well tis no matter: Ile set mee downe and see't, and for fault of a better, Ile supply the place of a scurvy Prologue.

Spectrum is a looking glasse indeede,
Wherein a man a History may read,
Of base conceits and damned roguerie:
The very sinke of hell-bred villeny.

Enter a Iuggler.

Iuggler. Why how now humorous *George?* what as mecholy as a mantletree?
Will you see any trickes of Leigerdemaine, slight of hand, cienly conuayance, or *deceptio visus?* what will you see Gentleman to driue you out of these dumps?

Prol. Out you sousf gurnet, you Woolfist, be gon I say and bid the Players dispatch and come away quickly, and tell their fiery Poet that before I haue done with him; Ile make him do penance vpon a stage in a Calues skin.

Iuggler. O Lord sir ye are deceiued in me, I am no tale-carrier, I am a Iuggler.
I haue the superficiall skill of all the seuen liberall sciences at my fingers end.
Ile shew you a tricke of the twelues, and turne him ouer the thumbes with a trice.
Ile make him fly swifter then meditation.
Ile shew you as many toies as there be minutes in a moneth, and as many trickes as there be motes in the sunne.

Prol. Prithee what trickes canst thou doe?

Iuggler. Marry sir I wil shew you a trick of cleanly conueiance.
Hes fortuna furim nunquam credo, With a cast of cleane conueyance, come aloft *Iack* for thy masters aduantage (hees gone I warrant ye.)

Spectrum is conueied away: and *Wily beguiled,* stands in the place of it.

Prol. Mas an tis well done, now I see thou canst doe something, holde thee thers twelue pence for thy labour.
Goe to that barme-froth Poet and to him say,
He quite has lost the Title of his play,
His Calue skin iests from hence are cleane exil'd.
Thus once you see that Wily is beguil'd. *Exit the Iuggler.*

Prol.

THE PROLOGVE.

Prol. Now kind Spectators, I dare boldly ſay,
You all are welcome to our Authors play:
Be ſtill a while, and ere we goe,
Weele make your eies with laughter flowe.
Let *Momus* mates iudge how they liſt,
We feare not what they babble:
Nor any paltry Poets pen,
Amongſt that raſcall rabble.
But time forbids me further ſpeech,
My tongue muſt ſtop hir race:
My time is come, I muſt be dumbe,
And giue the Actors place.

Exit.

WILY BEGVILDE.

Enter Gripe, *ſolus*.

A Heauy purſe makes a light heart: O the conſideration of this pouch, this pouch! Why hee that has money, has hearts eaſe and the world in a ſtring.

O this red chink, and ſiluer coine, it is the conſolation of the World.

I can ſit at home quietly in my chayre, and ſend out my angels by ſea, and by land, and bid fly villanes & fetch in ten in the hundred, I and a better penny too. Let me ſee, I haue but two children in al the world to beſtow my goods vpon, *Fortunatus* my ſon & *Lelia* my daughter. For my ſon, he followes the wars, and that which he gets with ſwaggering, he ſpendes in ſwaggering: but Ile curbe him, his allowance whileſt I liue ſhall bee ſmall, and ſo hee ſhall bee ſure not to ſpend much: And if I die I will leaue him a portion, that (if he will be a good husband and follow his fathers ſteps) ſhall maintaine him like a gentleman; and if he will not, let him follow his owne humor til he be weary of it, and ſo let him go: now for my daughter ſhe is my only ioy, & the ſtaff of my age, and I haue beſtowed good bringing vp vpon hir (barlady): why ſhe is een modeſty it ſelf, it does me good to look on hir. Now if I can harken out ſome wealthy mariage for hir, I haue my only deſire.

Mas, and well remembred, heer's my neighbour *Ploddall* hard by, has but one only ſonne, and (let me ſee) I take it, his Lands are better than fiue thouſand pounds; now if I can make a match betweene his ſonne and my daughter, and ſo

ioine

ioine his Land and my mony together, O twil be a blessed vnion. Well Ile in, and get a Scriuener, Ile write, to him about it presently: But stay heere come M. *Churmes* the Lawer, Ile desire him to do so much.

Enter Churms.

Churms. Good morrow M. *Gripe.*

Gripe. O good morrow M. *Churms.*
What sayes my two debters, that I lent 200. pound to? wil they not pay vse and charges of suit?

Churms. Faith Sir I doubt they are bankrouts: I would you had your principall.

Gripe. Nay Ile haue all, or Ile imprison their bodies: But M. *Churms* ther is a matter I would faine haue you do, but you must be very secret.

Churms. O sir feare not that Ile warrant you.

Gripe. Why then this it is: my neighbour *Ploddall* hereby; you know is a man of very faire Land, and hee has but one son, vpon whom he means to bestow all that hee has: Now I would make a match betweene my daughter *Lelia* and him; what thinke you of it.

Churms. Marrie I thinke twould be a good match, but the young man has had very simple bringing vp.

Gripe. Tush, what care I for that? so he haue lands and liuing inough, my daughter has bringing vp will serue them both. Now I would haue you to write me a Letter to good-man *Ploddall* concerning this matter, and Ile please you for your paines.

Churms. Ile warrant you sir, Ile doe it artificially.

Gripe. Doe, good M. *Churms*, but be very secret, I haue some businesse this morning, and therefore Ile leaue you a while, and if you will come to dinner to mee anone, you shall be very heartily welcome. *Exit* Gripe.

Churms. Thankes good sir Ile trouble you.
Now twere a good iest if I could cosen the olde Churle of his daughter, and get the wench for my selfe.
Sounds I am as proper a man, as *Peter Ploddall*: and though his father bee as good a man as mine, yet farre fetcht and

deare

deare bought is good for Ladies, and I am ſure I haue been as farre as *Cales* to fetch that I haue.

I haue beene at *Cambridge* a Scholler, at *Cales* a Souldier, and now in the Country a Lawyer, and the next degree ſhal be a Connicatcher:

For Ile goe neere to coſen olde father ſhare-penny of his daughter, Ile caſt about Ile warrant him;

Ile go dine with him, and write him his Letter,

And then Ile go ſeek out my kind companion *Robin Good-fellow*, and betwixt vs weele make hir yeeld to any thing.

Weele ha the common law oth to hand, and the ciuill lawe oth tother:

Weele toſſe *Lelia* like a tennis ball. *Exit.*

Enter olde Ploddall, *and his ſon* Peter, *an olde man* Ploddals Tenant, *and* Wil Cricket *his ſonne.*

Ploddall. Ah Tenant, an ill husband (barlady): thriſe at thy houſe and neuer at home?

You know my minde, will you giue tenne ſhillings more rent?

I muſt diſcharge you elſe.

Oldman. Alas Landlord, will you vndoe me? I ſit of a great rent alreadie, and am very poore.

Will. Cr. Very poore? yare a very Aſſe. Lord how my ſtomach wambles at that ſame word (very poore)! Father, if you loue your ſonne *William*, neuer name that ſame word very poore:

For Ile ſtand to it, that its pettilaſſeny to name very poore to a man thats oth top of his marriage.

Oldman. Why ſon, art oth top of thy marriage, to whom I prithee?

Will. Marrie to prittie *Peg*, miſtreſſe *Lelias* nurſes daughter.

O tis the dapreſt wench that euer danc't after a Taber and pipe.

For ſhee will ſo heele it, and toe it, and trip it,

O hir buttockes will quake like a cuſtard.

P. Ploddall. Why *William*, when were you with hir?

Wil. O *Peter* does your mouth water at that?
Truly I was neuer with hir, but I know I shall speed.
For tother day she lookt on me and laught, and thats a good signe (ye know): and therefore old siluer top, neuer talke of charging or discharging.
For I tell you I am my fathers heire: and if you discharge me, Ile discharge my pestilence at you. For to let my house before my lease be out, is cut-throatery: and to scrape for more rent is polepennery.
And so fare you well good Grandsire Vsury; come father lets be gone. *Exeunt* Wil. *and his Father.*

Ploddall. Well, Ile make the beggerly knaues to packe for this:
Ile haue it euery crosse, income and Rent too. *Enter* Chu. with a Let.
But stay here comes one: O tis M. *Churms.*
I hope he brings me some good newes.
M. *Churms* yare well met, I am een almost staru'd for money.
You must take some damnable course with my Tenants, theile not pay.

Churmes. Fayth Sir, they are growne to bee captious knaues.
But Ile mooue them with *a Habeas corpus.*

Ploddall. Doe, good M. *Churmes*, or vse any other villenous course shall please you.
But what newes abroad?

Churms. Faith little news: but heer's a Letter which M. *Gripe* desired me to deliuer you. And though it stand not with my reputatiõ, to be a carrier of Letters, yet not knowing how much it might concerne you, I thought it better something to abase my selfe, then you should be any waies hindered.

Ploddall. Thankes good sir, and Ile in and reade it.
Exeunt Ploddall *and his sonne.* *Manet* Chu.

Churms. Thus men of reach must looke to liue,
I cry content, and murder where I kisse,

Gripe

Gripe takes me for his faithfull friend,
Imparts to me the secrets of his heart;
And *Ploddall* thinkes I am as true a friend,
To euery enterprise he takes in hand,
As euer breath'd vnder the cope of heauen:
But damme me if they finde it so,
All this makes for my auaile,
Ile ha the wench my selfe, or else my wits shall fail. *Exit.*

Enter Lelia *and* Nurse *gathering of Flowers.*

Lelia. See how the earth (this fragrant spring) is clad,
And mantled round in sweete Nymph *Flora's* roabes.
Here growes th' alluring Rose,
Sweet Marigolds, and the louely Hyacinth:
Come Nurse, gather:
A crowne of Roses shall adorne my head,
Ile pranke my selfe with flowers of the prime,
And thus Ile spend away my primerose time.

Nurse. Ruftie, tuftie, are you so frolicke?
O that you knew as much as I doe, twould coole you.

Lelia. Why what know'st thou Nurse? prithee tell me.

Nurse. Heauy newes yfaith mistresse,
You must be matcht & married to a husband; ha, ha, ha, ha, a husband yfaith.

Lelia. A Husband, Nurse? why thats good newes if hee be a good one.

Nurse. A good one quotha? ha, ha, ha, ha: why Woman I heard your father say, that he would marrie you to *Peter Ploddall*, that Puckefist, that snudge snowte, that Cole carrierly Clowne. Lord, twould be as good as meate and drinke to me, to see how the foole wouldewooe you.

Lelia. No, no, my Father did but iest: thinkest thou that I can stoope so lowe to take a browne bread crust, and wed a Clowne thats brought vp at the Cart?

Nurse. Cart quotha? I, heele cart you, for he cannot tell how to court you.

Lelia. Ah Nurse, sweet *Sophos* is the man,

Whose loue is lockt in *Lelias* tender breast,
This hart hath vow'd, (if heauens doe not denie,)
My loue with his intoomb'd in earth shall lye.
Nurse. Peace Mistresse, stand aside, here comes some body.

Enter Sophos.

Sophos. *Optatis non est spes vlla potiri:*
Yet *Phœbus* send downe thy tralucent beames,
Behold the earth that mournes in sad attire,
The flowers at *Sophos* presence gins to droope,
Whose trickling teares for *Lelias* losse
Do turne the Plains into a standing Poole:
Sweete *Cynthia* smile, cheere vp the drouping Flowers,
Let *Sophos* once more see a sunne-shine day,
O let the sacred center of my heart,
I meane faire *Lelia* Natures fairest worke,
Be once againe the obiect to mine eyes.
O but I wish in vaine, whilst hir I wish to see,
Hir Father he obscures hir from my sight,
He pleades my want of wealth,
And saies it is a barre in *Venus* Court.
How hath fond fortune by hir fatall doome,
Predestin'd me to liue in haplesse hopes,
Still turning false hir fickle wauering wheele!
And Loues faire goddesse, with hir *Circian* cup,
Inchanteth so fond *Cupids* poisoned darts,
That loue the only Loadstarre of my life,
Doth drawe my thoughts into a labyrinth,
But stay:
What do I see, what do mine eyes behold?
(O happie sight) it is faire *Lelias* face.
Haile heauens bright nymph the period of my grief,
Sole guidresse of my thoughts and author of my ioy.
Lelia. Sweet *Sophos* welcome to *Lelia*,
Faire *Dido Carthaginians* beautious Queene,
Not halfe so ioyfull was when as the *Troian* Prince,
Eneas, landed on the sandie shores

Of

Of *Carthage* confines as thy *Lelia* is,
To ſee her *Sophos* here arriu'd by chance.

Sophos. And bleſt be chance that hath conducted me,
vnto the place where I might ſee my deare,
As deare to me as is the deareſt life.

Nurſe. Sir, you may ſee that Fortune is your friend.

Sophos. Yet Fortune fauours fooles,

Nurſe. By that concluſion you ſhould not be wiſe.

Lelia. Foule Fortune ſometime ſmiles on vertue faire.

Sophos. Tis then to ſhew her mutabilitie;
But ſince amidſt ten thouſand frowning threats
Of fickle fortunes thrice vnconſtant wheele,
She daines to ſhow one little pleaſing ſmile,
Lets do our beſt falſe Fortune to beguile,
And take aduantage of her euer changing moodes.
See, ſee, how *Tellus* ſpangled mantle ſmiles,
And birds do chant their rurall ſugred notes
As rauiſht with our meetings ſweet delights.
Since then ther fits for loue both time and place:
Let loue and liking hand in hand embrace.

Nurſe. Sir the next way to win her loue, is to linger her leyſure.

I meaſure my miſtreſſe by my louely ſelfe, make a promiſe to a man, and keep it, I haue but one fault, I neere made promiſe in my life, but I ſticke to it tooth and naile: Ile pay it home y'faith.

If I promiſe my loue a kiſſe, Ile giue him two: marrie at firſt I will make nice, and crie fie, fie, and that will make him come againe and againe,
Ile make him breake his winde with come againes.

Sophos. But what ſaies *Lelia* to her *Sophos* loue?

Lelia. Ah *Sophos*, that fond blind boy,
That wrings theſe paſſions from my *Sophos* hart,
Hath likewiſe wounded *Lelia* with his dart,
And force perforce I yeeld the fortreſſe vp:
Here *Sophos* take thy *Lelias* hand,
And with this hand receiue a loyall hart.

High *Ioue* that ruleth heauens bright Canopie,
Grant to our loue, a wisht felicitie.

Sophos. As ioyes the wearie Pilgrim by the way,
When *Phebus* waues vnto the westerne deepe,
To sommon him to his desired rest:
Or as the poore distressed Mariner,
Long tost by shipwracke on the foming waues,
At length beholds the long wisht hauen,
Although from farre, his heart doth dance for ioy:
So Loues consent at length my mind hath easd,
My troubled thoughts, by sweet content are pleas'd.

Lelia. My father recks not vertue,
But vowes to wed me to a man of wealth,
And sweares, his gold shall counterpoyse his worth;
But *Lelia* scorn's proud *Mammon's* golden mines,
And better likes of learnings sacred lore,
Then of fond Fortunes glistering mockeries:
But *Sophos* trie thy wits, and vse thy vtmost skill
To please my father, and compasse his good will.

Sophos. To what faire *Lelia* wills, doth *Sophos* yeeld consent,
Yet thats the troublous gulfe my silly ship must passe.
But were that venture harder to atchieue
Then that of *Iason* for the golden fleece,
I would effect it for sweet *Lelias* sake,
Or leaue my selfe as witnesse of my thoughts.

Nurse. How say you, by that, mistresse? heel doe any thing for your sake.

Lelia. Thankes gentle loue.
But least my father should suspect,
Whose iealous head with more than *Argus* eyes,
Doth measure euery gesture that I vse,
Ile in and leaue you here alone,
Adieu sweet friend vntill we meet againe,
Come *Nurse* follow me. *Exeunt* Lelia *and* Nurse.

Sophos. Farewell my loue, faire fortune be thy guide.
Now *Sophos*, now bethinke thy selfe.
How thou maist win her fathers will to knit this happie knot.

Alas

Alas thy ſtate is poore, thy friends are few,
And feare forbids to tell my fates to friend:
Well, Ile trie my Fortunes;
And finde out ſome conuenient time,
When as her fathers leyſure beſt ſhal ſerue
To conferre with him about faire *Lelias* loue. *Exit* Sophos.

Enter Gripe, *olde* Ploddall, Churms *and* Will. Cricket.

Gripe. Neighbour *Ploddall*, and Maſter *Churms*, yare welcome to my houſe.
What newes in the Countrie, neighbour? you are a good husband, you ha done ſowing barley I am ſure.

Ploddall. Yes ſir ant pleaſe you, a fornight ſince.

Gripe. Maſter *Churms*, what ſaies my debters? can you get any money of them yet?

Churms. Not yet ſir, I doubt they are ſcarce able to pay, You muſt eene forbeare them a while, theyle exclaime on you elſe.

Gripe. Let them exclaime and hang and ſtarue and beg, let me ha my money.

Ploddall. Heres this good fellow too, Maſter *Churms*, I muſt eene put him and his father ouer into your hands, theyle pay me no Rent.

Will.Cric. This good fellow quoth a? I ſcorne that baſe, broking, brabbling, brauling, baſtardly, bottlenoſ'd, beetle-brow'd, bean-bellied name.
Why, *Robin Goodfellow* is this ſame cogging, petifogging, crackeropes Calue-skin companion:
Put me and my father ouer to him? olde Siluer top and you had not put me before my father, I would ha——

Ploddall. What woulſt ha done?

Will. I would haue had a ſnatch at you, that I would.

Churms. What art a dogge?

Will. No: if I had beene a dog, I would ha ſnapt of your noſe ere this; and ſo I ſhould haue coſend the Diuell of a Marriebone.

Gripe.

Gripe. Come, come, let me end this controuersie. Prithee go thy waies in, & bid the boy bring a cup of Sacke here for my friends.

Will. Would you haue a sacke Sir?

Gripe. A way foole, a cup of Sacke to drinke.

Will. O I had thought you would haue had a sacke to haue put this lawcracking cogfoyst in, in stead of a paire of stockes.

Gripe. Away foole, get thee in I say.

Will. Into the buttrie you meane?

Gripe. I prithee doe.

Will. Ile make your hogshead of Sack rue that word.

Exit Will. Cricket.

Gripe. Neighbour *Ploddall*, I sent a Letter to you, by Master *Churms*, how like you of the motion?

Ploddall. Marrie I like wel of the motion: my sonne I tel you is eene all the stay I haue: and all my care is, to haue him take one that hath something: for as the world goes now, if they haue nothing they may begge.
But I doubt hees too simple for your daughter. For I haue brought him vp hardly, with brown bread, fat bacon, puddinges and souce, and (barlady) wee thinke it good fare too.

Gripe. Tush man, I care not for that, you ha no more children: youle make him your heire, and giue him your lands, will you not?

Ploddall. Yes, hees eene all I haue, I haue no body else to bestow it vpon.

Gripe. You say well.

Enter Wil. Cricket *and a Boy with Wine and a napkin.*

Wil. Nay here, you drinke afore you bargaine.

Gr. Mas, an tis a good motion: Boy, fill some wine. {He fills the wine & giues them the napkin.
Here Neighbour and M. *Churms* I drink to you.

Both. We thanke you Sir.

Will.

Wil. Lawer wipe cleane: do you remember?

Churms. Remember, why?

Wil. Why ſince you know when.

Churms. Since when?

Wil. Why ſince you were bumbaſted, that your lubberly legges would not carrie your lobcocke bodie;
When you made an infuſion of your ſtinking excrements, in your ſtalking implements:
O you were plaguy frayd, and fowly raide.

Gripe. Prithee peace *Will.* Neighbour *Ploddall*, what ſay you to this match: ſhall it go forward?

Ploddall. Sir, that muſt be as our children like.
For my ſonne, I thinke I can rule him:
Marrie, I doubt your daughter will hardly like of him, for God wot hees very ſimple.

Gripe. My daughters mine to command, haue I not brought her vp to this?
She ſhal haue him: Ile rule the roſte for that,
Ile giue her pounds and crownes, gold and ſiluer:
Ile way her downe in pure angell gold,
Say man, iſt a match?

Ploddall. Faith, I agree.

Churms. But Sir, if you giue your daughter ſo large a dowrie, youle haue ſome part of his land conueied to her by iointure.

Gripe. Yes marrie that I will:
And weele deſire your helpe for conueiance.

Ploddall. I, good Maſter *Churms*, and you ſhall be very well contented for your paines.

Will. I marrie, thats it he lookt for all this while.

Churms. Sir, I will do the beſt I can.

Will. But Landlord: I can tell you newes y faith,
There is one *Sophos*, a braue genman, heele wipe your ſonne *Peters* noſe, of Miſtreſſe *Lelia*, I can tell you he loues her well.

Gripe. Nay, I trow:

Will. Yes I know, for I am ſure I ſaw them cloſe toge-

ther at Pupneddie, in her Closet.

Gripe. But I am sure she loues not him.

Will. Nay, I dare take it on my death she loues him,
For hees a scholler: and ware schollers, they haue tricks for loueyfaith, for with a little Logicke & *pitome colloquium* theile make a wench do any thing:
Landlord, pray ye be not angrie with me, for speaking my conscience.
In good faith, your sonne *Peters* a verie Clowne to him:
Why, hees as fine a man as a wench can see in a sommers day.

Gripe. Well, that shall not serue his tourne, Ile crosse him, I warrant ye.
I am glad I know it: I haue suspected it a great while.
Sophos? why, whats *Sophos?* a base fellow.
Indeed he has a good wit, and can speake well,
Hees a scholler forsooth: one that has more wit then mony,
And I like not that: he may beg for all that.
Schollers? why what are schollers without money?

Ploddall. Faith, eene like puddings without suet.

Gripe. Come, Neighbour, send your sonne to my house,
For he shall be welcome to me:
And my daughter shall intertaine him kindly.
What? I can, and will rule *Lelia.*
Come lets in, Ile discharge *Sophos* from my house presently. *Exeunt* Gripe *and* Ploddall *and* Churms.

Will. A horne plague of this money,
For it causes many hornes to bud:
And for money many men are hornd.
For when maids are forc't to loue where they like not,
It makes them lye where they should not.
Ile be hangd, if ere mistresse *Lelia* will ha *Peter Ploddall,*
I sweare by this button cap (do you marke)
And by the round, sound, and profound contents (do you vnderstand)
Of this costly Codpeece, (being a good proper man as yee see) that I could get her as soone as he, my selfe:

An

And if I had not a moneths mind in another place,
I would haue a fling at her thats flat:
But I must set a good holiday face ont,
And go a wooeing to prittie *Pegge*: well, Ile too her yfaith
While tis in my mind; But stay, Ile see how I can woo before I goe: they say, Vse makes perfectnesse:
Looke you now, suppose this were *Pegge*,
Now I set my cap oth'to side on this fashion (do ye see?) then say I,
Sweet hony, bonny, suger candie, *Pegge*,
Whose face more faire, then Brocke my fathers Cow,
Whose eyes do shine like bacon rine,
Whose lips are blew of azure hew,
Whose crooked nose downe to her chin doth bow.
For you know I must begin to commend her beautie,
And then I will tell her plainely, that I am in loue with her, ouer my high shooes, and then I will tell her that I do nothing of nights but sleepe and thinke on her, and specially of mornings:
And that does make my stomacke so rise, that Ile be sworn, I can turne me three or foute bowles of porredge ouer in a morning afore breakefast.

Enter Robin-Goodfellow.

Robin Goodfellow. How now sirra, what make you here, with all that timber in your necke?

Will. Timber? Sounds, I thinke he be a witch,
How knew he this were Timber?
Mas Ile speake him faire, and get out ons companie: for I am afraid on him.

Robin. Speake man, what art afraid? what makest here?

Will. A poore fellow Sir, ha bin drinking two or three pots of ale at an alehouse, and ha lost my way Sir.

Robin. O, nay then I see thou art a good fellow,
Seest thou not Master *Churms* the Lawer to day?

Will. No Sir, would you speake with him.

Robin. I marrie would I.

Will. If I ſee him, Ile tell him you would ſpeake with him.

Robin. Nay, prithee ſtay, who wilt thou tell him would ſpeake with him?

Will. Marrie you Sir.

Robin. I, who am I?

Will. Faith Sir I know not.

Robin. If thou ſeeſt him, tell him *Robin Goodfellow* wold ſpeake with him.

Will. O, I will Sir. *Exit.* Wil. Cr.

Robin. Mas, the fellow was afraid,
I play the Bugbeare wherefoere I come,
And make them al afraid,
But here comes Maſter *Churms.*

Enter Churms.

Churms. Fellow *Robin*, God ſaue you, I haue beene ſeeking for you in euerie Ale-houſe, in the Towne.

Robin. What, Maſter *Churms*? Whats the beſt newes abroad? tis long ſince I ſee you.

Churms. Faith little newes: but yet I am glad I haue met with you.
I haue a matter to impart to you, wherein you may ſtand me in ſome ſtead, and make a good benefit to your ſelfe: if we can deale cunningly, t'will be worth a double fee to you, (by the Lord.)

Robin. A double fee? ſpeake man, what iſt?
If it be to betray mine owne father, Ile doot for halfe a fee:
And for cunning let me alone.

Churms. Why, then this it is.
Here is Maſter *Gripe* hard by, a Clyent of mine, a man of mightie wealth, who has but one daughter, her Dowrie is her waight in gold.
Now Sir, this old penny father would marry her, to one *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddalls* ſonne and heire,
Whom though his father meanes to leaue verie rich,
Yet hees a verie Idiot and Browne bread Clowne:

And

And one *I* know the wench does deadly hate,
And though their friends haue giuen their full consent,
And both agreed on this vnequall match.
Yet *I* know that *Lelia* wil neuer marrie him:
But theres another riuall, in hir loue, one *Sophos*,
And hees a Scholler,
One whom *I* thinke faire *Lelia* dearely loues,
But hir Father hates him as he hates a toad,
For hees in want, and *Gripe* gapes after golde,
And still relies vpon the olde sayd Saw;
Si nihil attuleris &c.

Robin. And wherein can *I* doe you good in this?

Churms. Marrie thus Sir:
I am of late growne passing familiar with M: *Gripe*,
And for *Ploddall* he takes me for his second selfe;
Now Sir, Ile fit my selfe to the olde crummy Churls humors, and make them beliene Ile perswade *Lelia* to marry *Peter Ploddall*, and so get free accesse to the wench at my pleasure:
Now oth other side Ile fall in with the Scholler, and him Ile handle cunningly too;
Ile tell him that *Lelia* has acquainted me with hir loue to him:
And for because hir Father much suspects the same,
He mewes hir vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And so restraines hir from hir *Sophos* sight.
Ile say, because she doth repose more trust,
Of secrecie in me, then in another man,
In courtesie she hath requested me,
To do hir kindest greetings to hir Loue,

Robin. An excellent deuise, y faith.

Churms. I Sir, and by this meanes, Ile make a very gull of my fine *Diogenes*.
I shall knowe his secrets euen from the very bottome of his heart:
Nay more Sir, you shall see me deale so cunningly, that he shall make me an instrument to compasse his desire;

When God knowes I meane nothing lesse.
Qui dissimulare nescit, nescit viuere.
Robin. Why this will be sport alone,
But what would you haue me doe in this action?
Churmes. Marry as I play with to hand, play you with tother.
Fall you aboard with *Peter Ploddall*,
Make him belieue youle worke miracles,
And that you haue a powder will make *Lelia* loue him.
Nay what wil he not belieue, and take all that comes (you know my mind.)
And so weele make a gull of the one, and a goose of the other.
And if wee can inuent any deuise, to bring the scholler in disgrace with hir: I doe not doubt but with your helpe to creep between the bark and the tree, and get *Lelia* my selfe.
Robin. Tush man, I haue a deuise in my head already to doe that:
But they say hir brother *Fortunatus* loues him dearely.
Churms. Tut hees out of the Countrey,
He followes the drumme and the flagge.
He may chance to be kild with a double Canon before hee come home againe:
But whats your deuise?
Robin. Marrie Ile do this;
Ile frame an Inditement against *Sophos*, in manner and forme of a Rape, and the next Law day you shall preferre it; that so *Lelia* may loath him,
Hir Father still deadly hate him,
And the young Gallant hir brother vtterly forsake him.
Churms. But how shall we prooue it?
Robin. Sounds weele hire some Strumpet or other to be sworne against him.
Churms. Now (by the substance of my soule) tis an excellent deuise.
Well, lets in, Ile first try my cunning otherwise, and if all faile, weele trie this conclusion. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Mother Midnight, Nurse *and* Pegge.

Mother M. Yfaith *Marget* you must eene take your daughter *Pegge* home againe,
For sheele not bee rul'd by mee.

Nurse. Why *Mother?* what will she not doe?

Mother M. Faith she neither did nor does, nor will do any thing:
Send hir tuth market with egs: sheele sell them and spend the money,
Set hir to make a pudding, sheele put in no suet,
Sheele run out of nights a dancing, and come no more home till day peepe:
Bid hir come to bed, sheele come when shelist.
Ah tis a nastie shame to see hir bringing vp.

Nurse. Out you Rogue, you arrant &c.
What know'st not thy Granam?
I know hir to be a teatie olde foole,
Shees neuer well, grunting in a corner.

Mother M. Nay sheele campe (I warrant ye) O she has a tongue.
But *Marget* eene take hir home to your Mistresse, and there keepe hir: for Ile keepe hir no longer.

Nurse. Mother pray yee take some paines with hir, and keep hir a while longer; and if she doe not mend, Ile beat hir blacke and blew, yfaith Ile not faile you Minion.

Mother M. Faith at thy request, Ile take hir home and try hir a weeke longer.

Nurse. Come on huswife please you Granam, and bee a good wench, and you shall ha my blessing.

Mother M. Come follow vs good Wench.

Exeunt Moth. Mid. *and* Nurse: *Manet* Peg.

Pegge. I, farewell, faire weather after you,
Your blessing quotha? Ile not giue a single halpennie fort,
Who would liue vnder a Mothers nose & a Granams tong?
A Maid cannot loue, or catch a lip clip, or a lap clap, but heers such tittle tattle, and doe not so, and be not so light, and be not so fond, and do not kisse, and do not loue, and

I cannot tell what,
And I must loue an I hang fort:
A sweet thing is loue [*Shee singes.*
That rules both heart and mind,
There is no comfort in the World
To Women that are kinde.
Well Ile not stay with hir: stay quotha?
To be yold and iold at, and tumbled, and tumbled, and tost and tourn'd as I am by an olde Hagge,
I will not, no I wil not y faith.

[*Enter* Will Cricket.]

But stay, I must put on my smirking lookes and smiling countenance.
For here comes one makes bominatiõ suit to be my sprus'd husband.

Will. Lord, that my heart would serue me to speake to hir, now she talks of hir sprus'd husband.
Well Ile set a good face ont,
Now Ile clap me as close to hir as *Iones* buttockes of a close stoole, and come ouer hir with my rowling, rattling, rumbling eloquence.
Sweet *Pegge*, honny *Pegge*, fine *Pegge*, daintie *Pegge*, braue *Pegge*, kind *Pegge*, comely *Pegge*, my nutting, my sweeting, my Loue, my doue, my honnie, my bonnie, my ducke, my deare and my deareling:
Grace me with thy pleasant eyes,
And loue without delay:
And cast not with thy crabbed lookes
A proper man awaie.

Pegge. Why *William* whats the matter?

Will. Whats the matter quotha?
Faith I ha been in a faire taking, for you, a bots on you.
For tother day after I had seene you, presently my belly began to rumble:
Whats the matter, thought I?
With that I bethought my selfe, and the sweete comportenance

nance of that same sweet round face of thine came into my mind:

Out went I, and Ile bee sworne I was so neere taken, that I was faine to cut all my points.

And dost heare *Pegge?*

If thou dost not grant mee thy good will in the way of marriage;

First and formost Ile run out of my cloathes, and then out of my wits for thee.

Pegge. Nay *William* I would bee loth you should doe so for me.

Will. Will you looke merrily on me and loue me then?

Pegge. Faith I care not greatly if I doe.

Will. Care not greatly if I doe? what an answers that? If thou wilt say, I *Pegge* take thee *William* to my sprucc husband.

Peg. Why so I wil, but we must haue more company for witnesses first.

Will. That needes not: heers good store of yong men & maides here.

Pegge. Why then heers my hand.

Will. Faith thats honestly spoken: say after me.

I *Pegge Pudding* promise thee *William Cricket*,
That Ile hold thee for mine owne sweet Lilly,
While I haue an head in mine eye, and a face on my nose, a mouth in my tongue, and all that a woman should haue,
from the crowne of my foote, to the sole of my head,
Ile clasp thee and clip thee, coll thee and kisse thee,
Till I be better then naught, and worse than nothing:
When thou art ready to sleepe, Ile be ready to snort:
When thou art in health, Ile be in gladnesse:
When thou art sick, Ile be ready to dy:
When thou art mad, Ile run out of my wits:
And thereupon I strike the good lucke,
Well sayd yfaith:
O I could find in my hose to pocket thee in my heart.
Come my heart of golde, lets haue a daunce at the making

vp of this match :
Strike vp *Tom Piper.* *They dance.*
Come *Pegge* Ile take the paines to bring thee homeward,
And at twylight, looke for me againe. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Robin Goodfellow*, and *P. Ploddall.*

Robin. Come hither my honeſt friend: M. *Churms* tolde me you had a ſuit to me,
Whats the matter?
Peter. Pray ye Sir is your name *Robin Goodfellow?*
Robin. My name is *Robin Goodfellow.*
Peter. Marrie Sir I heare yare a very cunning man Sir; And firreuerence of your worſhip Sir, Iam going a woeing to one M. *Lelia* a Gentlewoman here hard by,
Pray ye Sir tel me how I ſhould behaue my ſelfe, to get hir to my wife.
For Sir there is a Scholler about hir:
Now if you can tell mee, how I ſhould wipe his noſe of hir, I would beſtow a fee of you.
Robin. Let mee ſeet, and thou ſhalt ſee what Ile ſay to thee. *He giues him money.*
Well, follow my counſaile and Ile warrant thee,
*I*le giue thee a loue powder for thy wench,
And a kinde of *Nux vomica* in a potion, ſhall make hir come off y faith.
Peter. Shall *I* trouble you ſo farre to take ſome paines with me?
I am loth to haue the dodge.
Robin. Tuſh feare not the dodge;
*I*le rather put on my flaſhing red noſe, and my flaming face, and come wrapt in a Calue skin and crie bo ho:
*I*le fray the Scholler *I* warrant thee.
But firſt go to hir, try what thou canſt doe,
Perhaps ſheele loue thee without any further a doe,
But thou muſt tell hir, thou haſt a good ſtocke, ſome 100. or 200. a yeare, & that will ſet hir hard I warrant thee.
For

For bith Mas, *I* was once in good comfort to haue cosend a Wench:
And wots thou what *I* tolde hir?
I tolde hir *I* had a hundred pound land a yeare, in a place where *I* haue not the breadth of my little finger.
I promised hir to infeoffe hir in 40. pounds a yeare of it: & I think of my conscience, if I had had but as good a face as thine,
I should haue made hir haue curst the time that euer she see mee.
And thus must thou doe, cracke, and lye, and face,
And thou shalt triumph mightily.

Peter. I need not do so, for I may say and say true,
I haue lands and liuing inough for a countrey fellow.

Robin. Barlady so had not I, I was faine to ouerreach as many times I doe.
But now experience has taught me so much craft, that I excell in cunning.

Peter. Well Sir, then Ile be bold to trust your cunning,
And so Ile bid you farewell and goe forward,
Ile too hir, thats flat.

Robin. Do so: and let me heare how you speede.

Peter. That I will Sir. *Exit* Peter.

Robin. Well, a good beginning makes a good end,
Heers ten groats for doing nothing,
I con M. *Churmes* thankes for this,
For this was his deuise:
And therefore Ile goe seeke him out, and giue him a quart of wine,
And know of him how he deales with the scholler. *Exit.*

Enter Churmes *and* Sophos.

Churmes. Why? looke you Sir, by the Lord I can but wonder at hir Father,
He knowes you to be a Gentleman of good bringing vp:
And though your wealth be not answerable to his;
Yet by heauens I thinke you are worthy to doe farre better

ter then *Lelia*, yet I know ſhe loues you dearely.

Sophos. The great Tartarian Emperour *Tamor Cham*,
Ioyd not ſo much in his imperiall Crowne,
As *Sophos* ioyes in *Lelias* hop't-for loue,
Whoſe lookes would pierce an Adamantine heart,
And make the proud beholders ſtand at gaze,
To draw Loues picture from hir glancing eye.

Chur. And I wil ſtretch my wits vnto the higheſt ſtraine
To further *Sophos* in his wiſht deſires.

Sophos. Thankes gentle Sir. [*Enter* Gripe.]
But truce a while, here comes hir Father,
I muſt ſpeake a word or two with him. [*ſpeakes to himſelfe.*]

Churms I heele giue you your anſwere (*I* warrant ye)

Sophos. God ſaue you Sir.

Gripe. O Mr. *Sophos* : *I* haue longd to ſpeake with you a great while,
I heare, you ſeeke my daughter *Lelias* loue,
I hope you will not ſeeke to diſhoneſt me, nor diſgrace my daughter.

Sophos. No Sir: a man may aske a yea,
A Woman may ſay nay,
Shee is in choice to take hir choice:
Yet *I* muſt confeſſe *I* loue *Lelia*.

Gripe. Sir *I* muſt be plaine with you : *I* like not of your loue,
Lelias mine, Ile chooſe for *Lelia*,
And therefore *I* would wiſh you not to frequent my houſe any more,
Its better for you to ply your booke, and ſeeke for ſome preferment that way, than to ſeeke for a wife before you know how to maintaine hir.

Sophos. *I* am not rich, *I* am not very poore,
I neither want nor euer ſhall exceede,
The meane is my content, *I* liue twixt two extreames.

Gripe. Well, well, *I* tell yee, *I* like not ye ſhould come to my houſe, and preſume ſo proudly to match your poore pedigree with my daughter *Lelia*, and therefore *I* charge you

you to get you off of my ground: and come no more at my house:
I like not this learning without liuing, I.

Sophos. He needs must goe that the diuell driues.
Sic virtus sine Censu languet. *Exit* Sophos.

Gripe. O Ma. *Churms*, cry you mercy Sir, *I* saw not you: *I* think *I* haue sent the scholler away with a flea in his eare.
I trow heele come no more at my house.

Churms. No, for if he doe you may indite him for comming of your ground.

Gripe. Wel, now Ile home, and keepe in my daughter,
She shal neither go to him, nor send to him,
Ile watch her (Ile warrant her,)
Before God Master *Churms*, it is the peeuishest girle, that euer I knew in my life, shee will not be rul'd I doubt.
Pray ye sir, do you indeuour to perswade her to take *Peter Ploddall.*

Churms. I warrant ye, Ile perswade her: feare not.

Exeunt.

Enter Lelia *and* Nurse.

Lelia. What sorrow seiseth on my heauy heart?
Consuming care possesseth euerie part:
Heart-sad *Erinnis* keeps his mansion Here,
Within the Closure of my wofull breast;
And blacke despaire with Iron Scepter stands,
And guides my thoughts, downe to his hatefull Cell.
The wanton windes with whistling murmure beare
My pearcing plaints along the desert plaines,
And woods and groues do eccho forth my woes;
The earth below relents in Crystall teares,
When heauens aboue by some malignant course
Of fatall starres are authors of my griefe.
Fond Loue, go hide thy shafts in Follies den,
And let the world forget thy Childish force,

Or elſe flye, flye, pearce *Sophos* tender breaſt,
That he may helpe to ſympathize theſe plaints
That wring theſe teares from *Lelias* weeping eyes.

Nurſe. Why, how now Miſtreſſe; what, is it loue that makes you weepe, and toſſe and tourne ſo a nights when you are in bed?
Saint *Leonard* grant you fall not loue ſicke.

Lelia. I, thats the point, that pearceth to the quicke,
Would *Atropos* would cut my vitall threed
And ſo make lauiſh of my loathed life:
Or gentle heauens would ſmile with faire aſpect,
And ſo giue better fortunes to my loue.
Why, iſt not a plague to be a priſoner to mine own father?

Nurſe. Yes, ants a ſhame for him to vſe you ſo too.
But be of good cheare Miſtreſſe: Ile go to *Sophos* euery day Ile bring you tidings and tokens too from him (Ile warrant yee,) and if he wil ſend you a kiſſe or two, Ile bring it, let me alone, I am good at a dead lift.
Marry, I cannot blame you for louing of *Sophos*.
Why, hees a man as one ſhould picture him in waxe.
But Miſtreſſe, out vpons, wipe your eyes.
For here comes another wooer. *Enter* Peter Ploddall.

Peter. Miſtreſſe *Lelia*, God ſpeed you.

Lelia. Thats more then we neede at this time, for we are doing nothing.

Peter. I were as good ſay a good word as a bad.

Lelia. But its more wiſedome to ſay nothing at all, then ſpeake to no purpoſe.

Peter. My purpoſe is to wiue you.

Lelia. And mine, is neuer to wed you,

Peter. Belike, yare in loue with ſome body elſe.

Nurſe. No, but ſhees luſtily promiſ'd:
Heare you: you with long rifle by your ſide, do you lacke a wife?

Peter. Call you this a rifle? its a good backe ſword.

Nurſe. Why, then you with backe ſword, lets ſee your backe.

Peter.

Peter. Nay, I muſt ſpeake with Miſtreſſe *Lelia* before I goe.

Lelia. What would you with me?

Peter. Marry, I haue heard verie wel of you, and ſo has my father too.

And he has ſent me to you a woeing,
And if you haue any minde of marriage,
I hope I ſhal maintaine you as wel as any husbandmans wife in the Countrie.

Nurſe. Maintaine her with what?

Peter. Marrie, with my Lands and liuings my father has promiſ'd me.

Lelia. I haue heard much of your wealth: but I neuer, knew your manners before now.

Peter. Faith, I haue no Mannors, but a prittie homeſtall, and we haue great ſtore of Oxen, and Horſes, and Carts, and Plowes, and houſhold ſtuffe bomination:

And great flocks of ſheepe, and flocks of Geeſe, and Capons, and Hens, and Duckes; O, we haue a fine yarde of Pullen.

And thanke God: heres a fine weather for my fathers Lambes.

Lelia. I cannot liue content in diſcontent.
For as no muſicke can delight the eares,
Where all the parts of Diſcords are compoſed:
So wedlocke bands will ſtill conſiſt in iarres,
Where in condition theres no ſympathie.
Then reſt your ſelfe contented with this anſwere,
I cannot loue.

Peter. Its no matter what you ſay. For my father tolde me thus much before I came, that you would be ſomething nice at firſt: but he bad me like you nere the worſe for that; for I were the liker to ſpeede.

Lilea. Then you were beſt leaue of your ſuit till ſome other time: and when my leaſure ſerues me to loue you, Ile ſend you word.

Peter. Will you? wel then Ile take my leaue of you, and if

if I may heare from you, Ile pay the messenger well for his paines.

But stay: Gods death, I had almost forgot my selfe. Prayee let me kisse your hand ere I goe.

Nurse. Faith Mistresse, his mouth runs a water for a kisse: a little would serue his turne belike.
Let him kisse your hand.

Lelia. Ile not sticke for that. *He kisseth her hand.*

Peter. Mistresse *Lelia*, God be with you.

Lelia. Farewell *Peter.* *Exit* Peter.

Thus Lucre, set in golden Chaire of state,
When learning's bid, Stand by, and keepes a loofe:
This greedie humor fits my fathers vaine,
Who gapes for nothing but for golden gaine. *Enter Chur.*

Nurse. Mistresse take heede you speake nothing that will beare action, for here comes Master *Churms* the Pettifogger.

Churms. Mistresse *Lelia* rest you merrie,
Whats the reason you and your *Nurse* walke here all alone?

Lelia. Because, Sir, wee desire no other companie but our owne.

Churms. Would I were then your owne,
That I might keepe you companie.

Nurse. O Sir, you and hee that is her owne are farre asunder.

Churms. But if shee please, we may be neerer.

Lelia. That cannot bee: mine owne is neerer then my selfe.
And yet my selfe, alas, am not mine owne:
Thoughts, feares, despaires, tenne thousand dreadfull dreames:
Those are mine owne, and these do keepe me companie.

Churms. Before God, I must confesse, your father is too cruell,
To keepe you thus sequestred from the world,
To spend your prime of youth, thus in obscuritie,

And

And ſeeke to wed you to an Idiot foole
That knowes not how to vſe himſelfe:
Could my deſerts but anſwere my deſires,
I ſweare by Sol faire *Phœbus* ſiluer eye,
My heart would wiſh no higher to aſpire,
Then to be grac't with *Lelias* loue.
By *Ieſus*, *I* cannot play the diſſembler,
And wooe my loue with courting ambages,
Like one whoſe loue hangs on his ſmooth tongues ende,
But in a word, I tell the ſumme of my deſires,
I loue faire *Lelia*.
By her my paſſions daily are increaſ'd,
And *I* muſt die, vnleſſe by *Lelias* loue they be releaſ'd.

Lelia. Why Maſter *Churms*, *I* had thought you had been my fathers great Counſellor in all theſe actions.

Churms. Nay, Damne me if I be:
By heauens, ſweet Nymph I am not.

Nurſe. Maſter *Churms*, you are one can doe much with her father: and if you loue her as you ſay, perſwade him to vſe her more kindly, and giue her libertie to take her choiſe, for theſe made mariages prooue not well.

Churms. I proteſt I will.

Lelia. So *Lelia* ſhal accept thee as her friend:
Meanewhile, *Nurſe* lets in:
My long abſence I know, will make my father muſe.

Exeunt Lelia *and* Nurſe.

Churms. So *Lelia* ſhal accept thee as her friend?
Who can but ruminate vpon theſe words?
Would ſhe had ſaid, her loue:
But tis no matter: firſt creepe and then goe,
Now her friend: the next degree is *Lelias* loue.
Well, Ile perſwade her father to let her haue a little more libertie.
But ſoft: Ile none of that neither,
So the Scholler may chance coſen me.
Perſwade him to keepe her in ſtill:
And before ſheele haue *Peter Ploddall*, ſheele haue anybodie

die, and so I shal be sure that *Sophos* shal neuer come at her.
Why Ile warrant ye, sheele be glad to run away with me at length.
Hang him, that has no shifts.
I promis'd *Sophos*, to further him in his suite:
But if I do, Ile be peckt to death with hens.
I swore to *Gripe*, I would perswade *Lelia*, to loue *Peter Pleddall*.
But God forgiue me, twas the furthest ends of my thought.
Tut, whats an other euerie man for himselfe.
Ile shift for one, I warrant ye. *Exit.*

Enter Fortunatus, Solus.

Fortu. Thus haue I past the beating billows of the sea,
By *Ithacs* rocks, and watry *Neptunes* bounds,
And wafted safe, from *Mars* his bloudie fields
Where trumpets sound Tantara to the fight,
And here arriu'd for to repose my selfe,
Vpon the borders of my natiue soyle.
Now *Fortunatus* bend thy happie course,
Vnto thy fathers house, to greet thy dearest friends.
And if that still thy aged sire suruiue
Thy presence wil reuiue his drouping sprites,
And cause his withered cheekes bee sprent with youthfull (bloud,
Where death of late was portraid to the quicke.
But soft, who comes here? *(Stand aside.)*

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Robin. I wonder I heare not of Master *Churms*,
I would faine know how he speedes,
And what successe he has in *Lelias* loue:
Well, if he cousen the Scholler of her,
T would make my worship laugh:
And if he haue her, hee may say god a mercy *Robin Goodfellow.*
O ware a good head as long as you liue.
Why, Master *Gripe* he casts beyond the moone,

And

And *Churms* is the only man, he puts in truſt with his daughter, and (Ile warrant) the old Churle would take it vpon his ſaluation, that he wil perſwade her to marry *Peter Ploddall*:
But Ile make a foole of *Peter Ploddall*,
Ile looke him ith face and picke his purſe,
Whil'ſt *Churms* coſen him of his wench,
And my old gandſir Holdfaſt of his daughter.
And if he can do ſo:
Ile teach him a tricke to coſen him of his gold too.
Now for *Sophos*, let him weare the willow garland,
And play the melancholie Malecontent
And plucke his hat downe in his ſullen eyes,
And thinke on *Lelia*, in theſe deſert groues:
Tis ynough for him to haue her, in his thoughts;
Although he nere imbrace her in his armes.
But now, theres a fine deuiſe comes in my head,
To ſcarre the Scholler:
You ſhall ſee, Ile make fine ſport with him.
They ſay, that euery day he keepes his walke
Amongſt theſe woods and melancholy ſhades,
And on the barke of euerie ſenſeleſſe tree
Ingraues the tenour of his haples hope.
Now when hees at *Venus* altar at his Oriſons;
Ile put me on my great carnation noſe
And wrap me in a rowſing Calueskin ſuite,
And come like ſome Hob goblin or ſome diuell,
Aſcended from the grieſly pit of hell:
And like a Scarbabe make him take his legges:
Ile play the diuel, I warrant ye. *Exit* Robin Goodf.

Fortunatus. And if you do: (by this hand) Ile play the coniurer.
Bluſh *Fortunatus*, at thy baſe conceit,
To ſtand aloofe, like one thats in a trance,
And with thine eyes behold that miſcreant Impe
(Whoſe tongue more venome then the ſerpents ſting)
Before thy face thus taunt thy dereſt friends,
I, thine owne father with reproachful tearmes,

Thy Sister *Lelia*, shee is bought and sold,
And learned *Sophos*, thy thrice vowed friend,
Is made a stale by this base cursed Crew
And damned den of vagrant runagates.
But here in sight of sacred heauens I sweare,
By all the sorrowes of the *Stygian* soules,
By *Mars* his bloudie blade and faire *Bellonas* bowers
I vow, these eyes shal nere behold my fathers face,
These feete shal neuer passe these desert plaines:
But Pilgrim like Ile wander in these woods
Vntill I find out *Sophos* secret walkes,
And sound the depth of all their plotted drifts,
Nor will I cease vntill these hands reuenge
Th'iniurious wrong thats offred to my friend,
Vpon the workers of this stratageme. *Exit.*

Enter Pegge, Sola.

Pegge. Yfaith, yfaith, I canot tell what to doe,
I loue, and I loue, and I cannot tell whoe, Out vpon this loue.
For wat you what? I haue suitors comes huddle, twoes vpon twoes, and threes vpon threes, and what thinke you troubles me?
I must chat and kisse with all commers, or else noe bargaine.

Enter Wil Cricket, *and kisses hir.*

Will. A bargain yfaith: ha my sweet honnie sops how dooſt thou?

Pegge. Well I thanke you *William*, now I see yare a man of your word.

Will. A man of my word quotha? why I nere broke promise in my life that I kept.

Pegge. No *William* I know you did not,
But I had thought you had forgotten me.

Will. Dost heare *Pegge*? if ere I forget thee,
I pray God I may neuer remember thee.

Pegge.

Pegge. Peace here comes my Granam Midnight.

Enter Mother Midnight.

Mother M. What *Pegge*? what ho? what *Pegge* I say? what *Pegge* my wench?
Why where art thou trowe?

Pegge. Here Granam, at your elbow.

Moth. M. What mak'ſt here this twatter light?
I thinke thart in a dreame,
I thinke the foole haunts thee.

Will. Sounds, foole in your face: foole? O monſtrous intitulation:
Foole? O diſgrace to my perſon: ſounds, foole not me, for I cannot brooke ſuch a colde raſher I can tell you: giue me but ſuch an other word, and Ile be thy tooth-drawer een of thy butter tooth, thou toothleſſe trot thou.

Moth. M. Nay *William* pray ye be not angry, you muſt beare with olde folkes,
They be olde and teaſtie, hot and haſtie: ſet not your wit againſt mine *William*,
For I thought you no harme by my troth.

Will. Well, your good words haue ſomething laide my coller.
But Granam ſhall I be ſo bolde to come to your houſe now and then to keep *Pegge* company?

Moth. M. I, and beſhrowe thy good heart and thou dooſt not,
Come, and weele haue a piece of a barley bagpudding or ſomething,
And thou ſhalt be very heartily welcome that thou ſhalt,
And *Pegge* ſhall bid thee welcome too: pray ye maide bid him welcome and make much on him, for by my vay hees a good proper ſpringold.

Pegge. Granam: if you did but ſee him dance twoulde doe your heart good:
Lord, twould make any bodie loue him, to ſee how finely heele foote it.

Moth. M. *William*, prithee goe home to my houſe

with vs, and taste a cup of our beere, and learne to knowe the way, againe another time.

VVill. Come on Granam, Ile man you home y faith: Come *Pegge.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Gripe, *olde* Ploddall, *and his sonne* Peter *and* Churmes *the Lawyer.*

Ploddal. Come hither *Peter*, hold vp your head: wheres your cap and leg sir boy, ha?

Peter. By your leaue master *Gripe.*

Gripe. Welcome *Peter*, giue me thy hand: thart welcome; Barlady, this a good proper tall fellow, Neighbour? call you him a boy?

Ploddall. A good prittie squat square springold Sir.

Gripe. *Peter*, you ha seene my daughter I am sure: how do you like hir?
What sayes she to you?

Peter. Faith I like hir well, and I haue broken my mind to hir, and she would say neither I nor no;
But, thanke God Sir, we parted good friends,
For she let me kisse hir hand and bad Farewel *Peter.*
And therfore I thinke I am like enough to speed: how think you Master *Churms?*

Churms. Marry I thinke so too,
For shee did show no token of any dislike of your motion, did she?

Peter. No not a whit Sir.

Churms. Why, then I warrant ye:
For we hold in our Law, that *Idem est non apparere & non esse.*

Gripe. Maister *Churms*, I pray you do so much as call my daughter hither,
I wil make her sure here to *Peter Ploddall*, and Ile desire you to be a witnesse.

Churms. With all my heart Sir. *Exit* Churms.

Gripe. Before God, neighbour, this same Master *Churms* is a very good Lawer: for Ile warrant, you cannot speake any

any thing, but he has law for it *ad vnguem*,

Ploddall. Marrie eene the more ioy on him,
And hees one that I am very much beholding to:
But here comes your daughter.

Enter Churms, Lelia *and* Nurse.

Lelia. Father did you send for me?

Gripe. I wench I did, come hither *Lelia*, giue mee thy hand.
Mr. *Churms*, I pray you beare witnesse,
I here giue *Lelia* to *P. Ploddall.* *She pluckes away hir hand.*
How now?

Nurse. Sheele none she thankes you Sir.

Gripe. Will she not? why how now I say?
What? you pewling peeuish thing, you vntoward baggage?
Will you not be rul'd by your Father?
Haue I tane care to bring you vp to this?
And will you do as you list?
Away I say, hang, starue, begge; be gone, packe I say:
out of my sight,
Thou nere getst penny-worth of my goods, for this:
Thinke ont, I do not vse to iest: } *Exeunt* Lelia,
Be gon I say; I will not heare thee speake. } *and* Nurse.

Churms. I pray you Sir patient your selfe: shees young.

Gripe. I hold my life this beggerly Scholler hankers about hir still, makes hir so vntoward:
But Ile home, Ile set hir a harder taske:
Ile keep hir in, and look to hir a little better then I ha done,
Ile make hir haue little mind of gadding, I warrant hir.
Come Neighbour, send your sonne to my house, for hees welcome thither, and shall be welcome, and Ile make *Lelia* bid him welcome too ere I ha done with hir:
Come *Peter* follow vs. *Exeunt all, but* Churmes.

Churms. Why this is excellent, better and better still,
This is beyond expectation:
Why now this geare begins to worke,
But beshrew my heart, I was afraide that *Lelia* would haue yeelded, whē I saw hir father take hir by the hand & cal me

for

for a witnesse, my heart began to quake.
But to say the truth shee had little reason to take a Cullian, lugloafe, milkesop slaue;
When she may haue a Lawyer, a Gentleman, that stands vpon his reputation in the Country:
One whose diminutiue defecte of Law may compare with his little Learning.
Well: I see that *Churmes* must be the man must carrie *Lelia* when alls done.

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Robin. How now Master *Churmes*, what newes abroad? Me thinke you looke very spruce: yare very frolicke now a late.

Churms. What fellow *Robin*, how goes the squares with you?
Yare waxen very proude alate, you will not know your olde friends.

Robin. Faith I eene came to seeke you, to bestow a quart of wine of you.

Churms. Thats strange: you were nere wont to be so liberall.

Robin. Tush man, one good turne askes another: cleare gaines man, cleare gaines:
Peter Ploddall shall pay for all: *I* haue guld him once,
And *I*le come ouer him againe and againe, *I* warrant ye.

Churms. Faith, *Lelia* has een giuen him the doff off here, and has made hir father almost starke mad.

Robin. O all the better: then *I* shall bee sure of more of his custome.
But what successe haue you in your suit with hir?

Churms. Faith all hitherto goes well,
I haue made the motion to hir,
But as yet we are growne to no conclusion:
But *I* am in very good hope.

Robin. But doe you thinke you shall get hir fathers good will?

Churmes. Tut, if *I* get the wench *I* care not for that:

That

That will come afterward:
And Ile be sure of something in the meane time.
For I haue outlaw'd a great number of his debtors,
And Ile gather vp what money I can amongst them,
And *Gripe* shall nere know of it neither.

Robin. *I*, and of those that are scarse able to pay,
Take the one halfe and forgiue them the other, rather then sit out at all.

Churmes. Tush let me alone for that:
But sirra *I* haue brought the Scholler into a fooles Paradise:
Why he has made me his spokesman to M. *Letia*,
And Gods my Iudge *I* nere so much as name him to hir.

Robin. O bith Mas well remembred,
Ile tell you what *I* meane to doe,
Ile attire my selfe fit for the same purpose,
Like to some hellish Hag or damned fiend,
And meete with *Sophos* wandring in the woods,
O *I* shall fray him terribly.

Churms. I would thou couldst scarre him out of his wits:
Then should *I* ha the wench cocke sure,
I doubt no body but him.

Robin. Well, lets go drinke together;
And then Ile go put on my diuelish roabes,
I meane my Christmas Calues skin sute,
And then walke to the woodes,
O Ile terrifie him *I* warrant ye.

Enter Sophos, *solus.*

Sophos. Will heauens still smile at *Sophos* miseries,
And giue no end to my vncessant mones?
These Cipresse shades are witnesse of my woes,
The senseless trees do grieue at my laments,
The leauie branches drop sweete *Myrrhas* teares,
For loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe,
And sullen *Saturn* pregnant at my birth,
With all the fatall starres conspir'd in one,
To frame a haplesse constellation,

Presaging *Sophos* luckleſſe deſtinie.
Here, here, doth *Sophos* turne *Ixions* reſtleſſe wheele,
And here lies wrapt in labyrinths of loue,
Of his ſweete *Lelias* loue whoſe ſole *Idea* ſtill
Prolongs the hapleſſe date of *Sophos* hopeleſſe life:
Ah, ſaid *I* life? a life farre worſe then death.
Then death? *I* then ten thouſand deaths.
I daily die, in that *I* liue loues thrall,
They die thriſe happie, that once die for all.
Here will *I* ſtay my weary wandring ſteps,
And lay me downe vpon this ſolid earth, *He lies downe.*
The mother of deſpaire and balefull thoughts,
I, this befits my melancholy moodes:
Now now me thinkes *I* heare the prettie birds,
With warbling tunes record faire *Lelias* name,
Whoſe abſence makes warme bloud drop from my heart,
And forceth watrie teares from theſe my weeping eyes,
Me thinkes *I* heare the ſiluer ſounding ſtreames,
With gentle murmur ſummon me to ſleepe,
Singing a ſweete melodious lullabie:
Here will I take a nap and drowne my hapleſſe hopes,
In the Ocean ſeas of Neuer like to ſpeed.
He fals in a ſlumber and Muſicke ſoundes.

Enter Syluanus.

Syluanus. Thus hath *Syluanus* left his leauie bowers,
Drawne by the ſound of Ecchoes ſad reports,
That with ſhrill notes and high reſounding voice,
Doth pearce the very Cauerns of the earth,
And rings through hils and dales the ſad laments
Of virtues loſſe and *Sophos* mourneſull plaints.
Now *Morpheus*, rowſe thee from thy ſable den,
Charme all his ſenſes with a ſlumbering trance,
Whil'ſt old *Syluanus* ſend a louely traine
Of Satyrs, Driades, and watrie Nymphes,

Out

Out of their bowers to tune their siluer strings,
And with sweete sounding musicke sing,
Some pleasing Madrigalles and Rowndelayes,
To comfort *Sophos* in his deepe distresse. *Exit* Syluanus.

Enter the Nymphes and Satyres singing.

THE SONGE.

1

SAtyres sing, let sorrow keepe hir Cell,
Let warbling Ecchoes ring,
And sounding musicke yell
Through hils, through dales, sad griefe and care to kill
In him long since alas hath grien'd his fill.

2

Sleepe no more, but wake and liue content,
Thy griefe the Nymphes deplore,
The Syluan *gods lament*
To heare, to see thy mone, thy losse thy loue:
Thy plaints, to teares, the flinty rockes do moone.

3

Grieue not then, the Queene of Loue is milde,
Shee sweetly smiles on men,
When reasons most beguil'd:
Hir lookes, hir smiles, are kind, are sweet, are faire,
Awake therefore and sleepe not still in care.

4

Loue intends, to free thee from annoy,
His Nymphes Syluanus *sendes,*
To bid thee liue in ioy,
In hope, in ioy, sweet loue delights imbracee,
Faire loue hir selfe will yeeld thee so much grace.

Exeunt the Nymphes and Satyres.

Sophos. What do I heare? what harmony is this?
With siluer sound that glutteth *Sophos* eares?
And driues sad passions from his heauy heart,
Presaging some good future hap shall fall,
After these blustring blasts of discontent:
Thanks gentle Nymphes and Satyres too adiew,
That thus compassionate a loyall louers woe,
When heauens sit smiling at his dire mishaps.

Enter Fortunatus.

Fortunatus. With weary steps I trace these desert groues
And search to find out *Sophos* secret walkes,
My truest vowed friend and *Lelias* dearest loue.
Soph. What voice is this sounds *Lelias* sacred name? *He riseth.*
Is it some Satyre that hath vew'd hir late,
Ands growne inamour'd of hir gorgeous hew?
Fortunatus. No Satyre *Sophos*; but thy ancient friend,
Whose dearest bloud doth rest at thy command.
Hath sorow lately blear'd thy watry eyes,
That thou forgetst the lasting league of loue,
Long since was vow'd betwixt thy selfe and me?
Looke on me man: I am thy friend.
Sophos. O now I know thee, now thou nam'st my friend:
I haue no friend to whom I dare
vnload the burthen of my griefe,
But onely *Fortunatus*, hees my second selfe,
Mi Fortunate ter Fortunate venis.
Fort. How fares my friend? me thinks you look not wel:
Your eyes are sunk, your cheekes looke pale and wan,
What meanes this alteration?
Sophos. My mind sweet friend is like a mastlesse ship,
Thats huld and tost vpon the surging seas,
By *Boreas* bitter blasts and *Eoles* whistling winds,
On Rockes and sands, farre from the wished port
Whereon my silly ship desires to land;
Faire *Lelias* loue that is the wished hauen,
Wherein my wandring mind would take repose,
For want of which my restlesse thoughts are tost:

For

For want of which, all *Sophos* loues are loſt.
Fort. Doth *Sophos* loue my ſiſter *Lelia?*
Sophos. She, ſhe, it is whole loue I wiſh to gaine:
Nor neede I wiſh, nor do I loue in vaine,
My loue ſhee doth repay with equall meede:
Tis ſtrange youle ſay that *Sophos* ſhould not ſpeed.
Fortunatus. Your loue repaid with equall meede?
And yet you languiſh ſtill in loue? tis ſtrange:
Frō whence proceeds your griefe? vnfold vnto your friend,
A friend may yeeld reliefe.
Sophos. My want of wealth is author of my griefe,
Your father ſayes, my ſtate is too, too lowe.
I am no hobbie bred; I may not ſoare ſo high, as *Lelias* loue:
The loftie Egle wil not catch at flies.
When I with *Icarus* would ſoare againſt the Sun
He is the onely fierie *Phaeton* denies my courſe,
And ſeares my waxen winges, when as I ſoare aloft:
He mewes faire *Lelia* vp from *Sophos* ſight,
That not ſo much as paper pleades remorſe:
Thrice three times *Sol* hath ſlept in *Thetis* lap,
Since theſe mine eyes beheld ſweet *Lelias* face.
What greater griefe? what other Hell then this?
To be denied to come where my beloued is.
Fortunatus. Do you alone loue *Lelia?*
Haue you no riuals with you in your loue?
Sophos. Yes, onely one, and him your father backs,
Tis *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddalls* ſonne and heire,
One, whoſe bate ruſticke rude deſert
Vnworthy farre to win ſo faire a prize,
Yet meanes your father for to mart a match,
For golden Lucre with this *Corydon*
And ſcornes at vertues loue: hence growes my griefe.
Fortunat. If it be true I heare, there is one *Churms*, beſide,
Makes ſuit to win my ſiſter to his bride.
Sophos. That cannot be: *Churms* is my vowed friend,
Whoſe tongue relates the tenour of my loue
To *Lelias* eares, I haue no other meanes.

Fortu. Well, truſt him not: the Tiger hides his clawes
When oft he doth pretend the greateſt guiles.
But ſtay: here comes *Lelias* Nurſe. [*Enter Nurſe.*

Sophos. *Nurſe*, what newes?
How fares my loue?

Nurſe. How fares ſhee quotha? Marrie ſhee may fare how ſhe will for you: Neither come to her, nor ſend to her of a whole fortnight?
Now I ſweare by my maydenhead, if my husband ſhould haue ſeru'd me ſo, when hee came a wooing to me: I would neuer haue lookt on him with a good face as long as I had liued.
But he was as kind a wretch, as euer laid lips of a woman: He would ha come through windowes or doores, or wals, or any thing, but he would haue come to me.
Marrie, after we had beene maried a while, his kindneſſe began to ſlake, for Ile tell you what hee did:
He made me beleeue, he would go to greenegooſe faire, and Ile bee ſworne hee tooke his legges and ranne cleane away:
And I am afraide youle prooue eene ſuch another kinde peece to my Miſtreſſe: for ſhe ſits at home in a corner weeping for you, and Ile be ſworne ſhees ready to die vpward for you:
And her father oth tothe ſide, he yoles at her, and ioles at her: and ſhee leades ſuch a life for you it paſſes, and yoole neither come to her, nor ſend to her:
Why, ſhee thinkes you haue forgotten her.

Sophos. Nay, then let heauens in ſorrow end my dayes
And fatall Fortune neuer ceaſe to frowne,
And heauen and earth, and all conſpire to pull me downe,
If blacke obliuion ſeiſe vpon my heart
Once to eſtrange my thoughts from *Lelias* loue. (*Sophos*,

Fortunatus. Why *Nurſe*, I am ſure that *Lelia* heares from
Once a day at leaſt by *Churms* the Lawyer,
Who is his onely friend.

Nurſe. What, yong Maſter? God bleſſe mine eye ſight:
Now

Now by my mayden head yare welcome home,
Iam sure my Mistresse will be glad to see you.
But what said you of Master *Churms?*

Fortu. Marrie, I say hees a well willer to my sister *Lelia*,
And a secret friend to *Sophos*.

Nurse. Marrie the Diuel he is: trust him and hang him. Why, hee cannot speake a good worde on him to my olde Master, and he does so ruffle before my Mistresse with his barbarian eloquence, and strut before her in a paire of *Polonian* legges, as if hee were gentleman Vsher to the great *Turke*, or the Diuell of *Dowgate*:
And if my Mistresse would be rul'd by him, *Sophos* might go snick vp: But he has such a buttermilke face, that shoole neuer haue him.

Sophos. Can falshood lurke in those inticing lookes?
And deepe dissemblance lie where truth appeares?

Fortunatus. Iniurious villaine to betray his friend!

Nurse. Sir, do you know the Gentleman?

Fort. Faith not well.

Nurse. Why Sir, hee lookes like a red herring at a Noblemans table on *Easter* day, and he speakes nothing but Almond butter and suger Candie.

Fortu. Thats excellent.

Sophos. This worlds the *Chaos* of confusion:
No world at all but Masse of open wrongs,
Wherein a man, as in a Map man see
The high road way from woe to miserie.

Fort. Content your selfe, and leaue these passions,
Now do I sound the depth of all their drifts,
The Diuels deuise and *Churms* his knauerie,
On whom this heart hath vowed to be reueng'd.
Ile scatter them: the plots alreadie in my head.
Nurse hye thee home, commend me to my sister:
Bid her this night send for Master *Churms*,
To him she must recount her many griefes,
Exclaime against her fathers hard constraint,
And so cunningly temporize with this cunning *Catso*,

That

That he may thinke ſhe loues him as her life.
Bid her tell him, that if by any meanes
He can conuey her forth her fathers gate,
Vnto a ſecret friend of hers;
The way to whom lyes by this forreſt ſide,
That none but he ſhall haue her to his bride.
For her departure let her point the time
To morrow night: when *Veſper* gins to ſhine,
Here will I be, when *Lelia* comes this way
Accompanied with her gentleman Vſher,
Whoſe amorous thoughts do dreame on nought but loue;
And if this Baſtinado hold,
Ile make him leaue his wench with *Sophos* for a pawne:
Let me alone to vſe him in his kind,
This is the trap which for him I haue laid,
Thus craft by cunning once ſhal be betraid,
And for the Diuell, Ile coniure him:
Good *Nurſe* be gon: bid her not faile,
And for a token, beare to her this Ring
Which well ſhee knowes, for when I ſaw her laſt
It was her fauour, and ſhe gaue it me.
Sophos. And beare her this from me:
And with this ring bid her receiue my heart.
My heart? alas, my heart I cannot giue,
How ſhould I giue her that which is her owne?
Nurſe. An your heart be hers, her heart is yours,
And ſo change is no robberie.
Well, Ile giue her your tokens, and tell her what yee ſay.
Fortunatus. Do, good *Nurſe*: but in any caſe let not my father know that I am here, vntill we haue effected all our purpoſes.
Nurſe. Ile warrant you, I wil not play with you,
As Maſter *Churms* does with *Sophos*,
I would ha my eares cut from my head firſt. *Exit* Nurſe.
Fortunatus. Come *Sophos*, cheare vp your ſelfe man,
Let hope expell theſe melancholie dumps,

Meane

Meane while, lets in,
Expecting how the euents of this deuise wil fall,
Vntill to morrow at th'appointed time,
When weele expect the comming of your loue.
What, man, Ile worke it through the fire,
But you shall haue her.
Sophos. And I wil study to deserue this loue. *Exeunt.*

Enter William Cricket, Solus.

Will. Looke on me, and looke of Master *Churms*,
A good proper man:
Marrie Master *Churms* has something a better paire of legs indeede:
But for a sweet face, a fine beard, comely corps,
And a Carowsing Codpeece,
All *England* if it can
Show mee such a man,
To win a wench by gis,
To clip, to coll, to kisse
As *William Cricket* is.
Why, looke you now: If I had been such a great long, large, Lobcockt, loseld lurden, as Master *Churms* is;
Ile warrant you, I should neuer haue got *Pegge*, as long as I had liu'd: for (do you marke) a wench will neuer loue a man that has al his substance in his legges.
But stay: here comes my Landlord,
I must go salute him.

Enter olde Ploddall, *and his sonne* Peter.

Ploddall. Come hither *Peter*, when didst thou see *Robin Goodfellow*? Hees the man must do the feate.

Peter. Faith father, I see him not this two daies; but Ile seeke him out: for I know heele do the deed, and she were twentie *Lelias*.
For father hees a verie cunning man: for, giue him but ten groates, and heele giue me a powder, that will make *Lelia* come to bed to me:

And when I haue her there: Ile vse her well ynough.

Ploddall. Will he so? Marrie, I will giue him vortie shillings, if he can do it.

Peter. Nay, heele do more then that too.
For heele make himselfe like a diuell; and fray the Scholler that hankers about her, out ons wits.

Ploddall. Marrie Iesus bielle vs: will hee so?
Marrie thou shalt haue vortie shillings to giue him, and thy mother shall bestow a hard cheese on him beside.

Will. Landlord, a pox on you, this good morne,

Ploddall. How now foole? what, dost curse me?

Will. How now foole? how now Caterpiller?
Its a signe of Dearth, when such Vermine creepe hedges so early of morning.

Peter. Sirra, Foule manners, do you know to whome you speake?

Will. Indeed *Peter*, I must confesse I want some of your wooing manners, or else I might haue tourude my faire bush tayle to you instead of your father: and haue giuen you the ill salutation this morning.

Ploddall. Let him alone *Peter*, Ile temper him well ynough.
Sirra, I heare say you must be married shortly,
Ile make you pay a sweete fine for your house, for this.
Ha? sirra am not I your Landlord?

Will. Yes, for fault of a better, but you get neither sweet fine, nor sower fine of me.

Ploddall. My masters, I pray you beare witnesse:
I do discharge him then.

Will. My masters, I pray you beare witnesse,
My Landlord has giuen me a general discharge,
Ile be married presently, my fines paied: I haue a discharge for it. *He offers to goe away.*

Ploddall. Nay prithee stay.

Will. No Ile not stay, Ile goe call the clearke,
Ile be cried out vpon ith Church presently,
What ho? What *Clearke* I say? where are you? *Enter* Cleark.

Clearke.

Clearke. Who cals me? what would you with me?
Marrie Sir, I would haue you to make proclamation, that if any manner of man, oth Towne, or oth Country, can lay any claime to *Pegge Pudding*, let him bring worde to the Crier, or else *William Cricket* will wipe his nose of her.

Clearke. You meane you would be askt ith Church?

Will. I thats it: a bots ont, I cannot hit of these marrying tearmes yet:
And Ile desire my Landlord here and his sonne, to be at the Celebrauation of my marriage too:
Yfaith *Peter*, you shal cramme your guts ful of Cheesecakes and Custards there.
And sirra *Clearke*, if thou wilt say Amen stoutly:
Yfaith my powderbeefe slaue,
Ile haue a rumpe of beefe for thee, shal make thy mouth stand oth tother side.

Clearke. When would you haue it done?

Will. Marrie eene as soone as may be: let me see:
I wil be askt ith Church of Sunday at morning prayer, and againe at Euening prayer: & the next holiday that comes I will be askt ith fore noone, and married ith after noone:
For (do you marke) I am none of these sneaking fellowes that wil stand thrumming of Caps, and studying vppon a matter, as long as *Hunkes* with the great head has beene about to show his little wit in the second part of his paultrie poetrie: but if I begin with wooing, Ile ende with wedding.
And therefore good *Clearke*, let me haue it done with all speede: for I promise you, I am verie sharpe set.

Cleark. Faith you may be askt ith Church on Sunday at morning prayer, but Sir *Iohn* cannot tend to do it at Euening prayer: For there comes a Company of Players tuth Towne, on Sunday ith after noone; and Sir *Iohn* is so good a fellow, that I know heele scarce leaue their companie, to say Euening prayer.
For (though I say it) hees a verie paineful man, and takes so great delight in that facultie, that heele take as great pains a-

bout building of a Stage or ſo, as the baſeſt fellow among them.

Will. Nay, if he haue ſo lawfull an excuſe, I am content to deferre it one day the longer:
And Landlord, I hope, you and your ſonne *Peter* wil make bold with vs, and trouble vs.

Ploddall. Nay *William*, we would be loath to trouble you: but you ſhal haue our companie there.

Will. Faith you ſhal be very heartily welcome, and wee wil haue good merry rogues there that wil make you laugh till you burſt.

Peter. Why *William*, what company doe you meane to haue?

Will. Marrie, firſt and formoſt, there wil bee an honeſt Dutch Cobbler, that wil ſing (I wil noe meare to *Burgaine* goe) the beſt that euer you heard

Ploddall. What, muſt a Cobbler be your chiefe gueſt? Why hees a baſe fellow.

Will. A baſe fellow? you may be aſham'd to ſay ſo,
For hees an honeſt fellow, and a good fellow:
And he begins to carrie the verie badge of good fellowſhip vpon his noſe; that I do not doubt, but in time he wil prooue as good a Copper companion as *Robin Goodfellowe* himſelfe.
I and hees a tall fellow, and a man of his hands too,
For Ile tel you what: tie him tuth Bull-Ring, and for a bag-pudding, a Cuſtard, a Cheeſcake, a hogges cheeke, or a Calues head, turne any man ith towne to him; and if he do not prooue himſelfe as tall a man as he, let blind *Hugh* bewitch him, and tourne his bodie, into a barrel of ſtrong Ale, and let his noſe be the Spigat, his mouth the Foſſet, and his tongue a Plugge for the bunge hole.
And then there wil be *Robin Goodfellow*, as good a drunken rogue as liues: and *Tom* Shoomaker; and I hope you wil not deny that hees an honeſt man, for hee was Conſtable oth Towne.
And a number of other honeſt raſcals, which though they are

are growne bankroutes and liue by the reuersion of other mens tables:
Yet (thankes bee to God) they haue a penny amongst, at all times at their neede.

Ploddall. Nay, if *Robin Goodfellow* be there, you shall be sure to haue our company.
For hees one that we heare very well of;
And my sonne here has some occasion to vse him:
And therefore if we may know when tis,
weele make bolde to trouble you.

Will. Yes Ile send you word.

Ploddall. Why then farewell, till wee heare from you.

Exeunt Ploddall *and his sonne.*

Wil. Wel *Clearke*, youle see this matter brauely performed: let it be done as it should be.

Clearke. Ile warrant ye, feare it not.

Will. Why then go you to Sir *Ihon*, and Ile to my wench, and bid hir giue hir Maidenhead warning to prepare it self: for the destruction of it is at hand. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lelia, Sola.

Lelia. How loue and fortune both with eger moode,
Like greedy hounds do hunt my tired hart,
Rows'd forth the thickets of my wonted ioyes!
And *Cupid* windes his shrill note bugle horne,
For ioy my silly hart so neere is spent.
Desire that eager Curre pursues the chace,
And Fortune rides amaine vnto the fall:
Now sorrow sings, and mourning beares a part,
Playing harsh descant on my yeelding heart.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse, what newes?

Nurse. Faith a whole sacke full of newes:
You loue *Sophos* and *Sophos* loues you;
And *Peter Ploddall* loues you, and you loue not him,
And you loue not Master *Churmes*, and he loues you,

And so heers loue and no loue,
And I loue and I loue not,
And I cannot tell what :
But of all, and of all, Master *Churmes* must bee the man you must loue.

Lelia. Nay, first Ile mount me on the winged wind,
And fly for succour to the farthest *Inde*.
Must I loue Master *Churmes?*

Nurse, Faith you must and you must not.

Lelia. As how I pray thee?

Nurse. Marry I haue commendations to you.

Lelia. From whom?

Nurse. From your brother *Fortunatus*.

Lelia. My brother *Fortunatus?*

Nurse. No: from *Sophos*.

Lelia. From my Loue?

Nurse. No from neither.

Lelia. From neither?

Nurse. Yes from both.

Lelia. Prithee leaue thy foolery, and let me knowe thy newes.

Nurse. Your brother *Fortunatus*, and your loue, to morrow night will meet you by the forrest side,
There to conferre about I knowe not what:
But tis like, that *Sophos* will make you of his priuy councell, before you come againe.

Lelia. Is *Fortunatus* then retourned from the warres?

Nurse. He is with *Sophos* euery day,
But in any case you must not let your Father know,
For he hath sworne he will not be discried,
Vntill he haue effected your desires:
For he swaggers and sweares out of all crie,
That he will venture all,
Both fame and bloud, and limme and life,
But *Lelia* shall be *Sophos* wedded wife.

Lelia. Alas Nurse, my fathers iealous braine
Doth scarce allow me once a month to goe,

Beyond

Beyond the compasse of his watchfull eyes,
Nor once affords me any conference,
With any man except with Mr. *Churms*,
Whose craftie braine beguiles my father so,
That he reposeth trust in none but him:
And though he seekes for fauour at my hands,
He takes his marke amisse and shootes awrie.
For I had rather see the diuel himselfe,
Then *Churms* the Lawyer:
Therefore how I should meete them by the forrest side,
I cannot possibly deuise.

Nurse. And Master *Churms* must be the man must work the meanes,
You must this night send for him:
Make him beleeue you loue him mightily,
Tell him you haue a secret friend dwels farre away beyond the Forrest.
To whom if he can secretly conuay you from your father,
Tel him you wil loue him, better then euer God loued him.
And when you come to the place appointed,
Let them alone to discharge the knaue of clubs.
And that you must not faile,
Here receiue this ring, which *Fortunatus* sent you for a token,
That this is the plot that you must prosecute,
And this from *Sophos* as his true loues pledge.

Lelia. This ring my brother sent I know right well,
But this my true loue pledge I more esteeme
Then all the golden mines the solide earth containes:
And see, in happy time here comes M. *Churms*: [*Enter* Chur.
Now loue and fortune both conspire,
And sort their drifts to compasse my desire.
M. *Churms* yare well met, I am glad to see you.

Churms. And I as glad to see faire *Lelia*,
As euer *Paris* was to see his deare,
For whom so many Troianes bloud was spilt;
Nor thinke, I would do lesse then spend my dearest bloud,

To

To gaine faire *Lelias* loue, although by losse of life.

Nurse. Faith mistresse, he speakes like a gentleman:
Let me perswade you,
Be not hard hearted:
Sophos? why whats hee?
If hee had lou'd you but halfe so well, he would ha come through stone walles, but he would haue come to you ere this.

Lelia. I must confesse, I once lou'd *Sophos* well,
But now I cannot loue him, whom all the world knowes to be a dissembler.

Churmes. Ere I would wrong my loue with one dayes absence;
I would passe the boyling *Hellespont*,
As once *Leander* did for *Heroes* loue,
Or vndertake a greater taske then that,
Ere I would be disloyall to my Loue.
And if that *Lelia* giue hir free consent
That both our loues may sympathize in one,
My hand, my heart, my loue, my life and all,
Shall euer tend on *Lelias* faire command.

Lelia. Mr. *Churms*, mee thinkes tis strange, you should make such a motion:
Say I should yeeld, and grant you loue;
When most you did expect a sunneshine day,
My fathers will would mar your hop't for hay,
And when you thought to reap the fruits of loue,
His hard constraint would blast it in the bloom.
For he so dotes on *Peter Pioddals* pelfe,
That none but he forsooth must be the man,
And I will rather match my selfe,
Vnto a groome of *Plutoes* griesly denne,
Then vnto such a silly golden asse.

Churms. Brauely resolued y faith.

Lelia. But to be short:
I haue a secret friend that dwels from hence,
Some two dayes iourney, thats the most,

And

And if you can, as (wel I know) you may, conuay me thither secretly:
For company I desire no other then your owne,
Here take my hand:
That once perform'd my heart is next.

Churmes. If on th'aduenture all the dangers lay,
That *Europe* or the westerne world affords,
Were it to combate *Cerberus* himselfe,
Or scale the brasen walles of *Plutoes* court;
When as there is so faire a prize propos'd,
If I shrinke backe or leaue it vnperform'd,
Let the World canonize me for a Coward:
Appoint the time and leaue the rest to me.

Lelia. When nights blacke mantle ouerspreads the sky,
And dayes bright lampe is drenched in the west,
To morrow night I thinke the fittest time,
That silent shade may giue our safe conuoy,
Vnto our wished hopes vnseene of liuing eye.

Churms. And at that time I will not faile,
In that or ought may make for our auaile.

Nurse. But what if *Sophos* should meet you by the forrest side:
And incounter you with his single rapier?

Churms. *Sophos?* a hop of my thumbe, a wretch, a wretch.
Shoulde *Sophos* meete vs there accompanied with some Champion,
With whome twere any credit to encounter,
Were he as stout as *Hercules* himselfe,
Then would I buckle with them hand to hand:
And bandy blowes as thicke as hailestones fall,
And carrie *Lelia* away in spite of all their force.
What? loue will make Cowards fight:
Much more a man of my resolution.

Lelia. And on your resolution Ile depend,
Vntill to morrow at th'appointed time, when I looke for you:
till when Ile leaue you, and go make preparation for our

 iourney.

iourney. *Exeunt* Lelia *and* Nurse.

Churms. Farewell faire loue, vntill we meet againe.
Why so: did I not tel you she would be glad to run away with mee at length?
Why this falles out, een as a man would say, Thus I would haue it.
But now I must go cast about for some money too,
Let mee see: I haue outlaw'd three or foure of *Gripes* debters.
And I haue the bonds in mine owne hands:
The summe that is due to him, is some two or three hundred pounds:
Well, Ile to them: if I can get but one halfe,
Ile deliuer them their bonds, and leaue the other halfe to their owne consciences; and so I shall be sure to get mony to beare charges:
When all failes wel fare a good wit.
But soft, no more of that:
Here comes Mr. *Gripe*,

Enter Gripe.

Gripe. What Mr. *Churms?* what alone? how fares your body?

Churms. Faith Sir, reasonable well: I am eene walking here to take the fresh ayre.

Gripe. Tis very holesome this faire weather,
But M. *Churms:* how like you my daughter?
Can you doe any good on hir? wil she be rul'd yet?
How stands she affected to *P. Ploddall*?

Churms. O very well Sir: I have made hir very conformable.
O let me alone to perswade a woman:
I hope you shall see hir married within this weeke at most,
I meane to my selfe. [*He speakes to him selfe.*

Gripe. Master *Churmes.* I am so exceedingly beholding to you,
I cannot tell how I shall requite your kindnesse,

But

But ith mean time heers a brace of angels for you to drink, for your paines,
This newes has eene lightned my heart,
O Sir, my neighbour *Ploddall* is very wealthie.
Come M. *Churms*, you ſhall go home with me,
Weele haue good chear & be merry for this, to night, y faith.
Churms. Wel: let them laugh that winne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pegge *and hir* Granam.

Pegge. Granam, giue me but two crownes of red golde,
And Ile giue you two pence of white ſiluer,
If *Robin* the diuel be not a water witch.
Moth. M. Marrie, Ieſus bleſſe vs: why prithee?
Pegge. Marrie Ile tel you why.
Vpon the morrow after the bleſſed newe yeare,
I came trip, trip, trip, ouer the Market hil,
Holding vp my petticote to the calues of my legs,
To ſhow my fine coloured ſtockins,
And how finely I coulde foote it in a paire of newe corkt ſhooes, I had bought:
And there I ſpyed this *Mounſier Muffe*, lie gaping vp into the skies,
To know how many Maides would be with childe in the towne all the yeare after:
O tis a baſe vexation ſlaue,
How the country talkes of the large ribd varlet!
Mother M. Marry out vpon him: what a Friday fac't ſlaue it is!
I thinke in my conſcience, his face neuer keepes Holiday.
Pegge. Why his face can neuer be at quiet,
He has ſuch a cholericke noſe,
I durſt ha ſworne by my maiden-head,
(God forgiue me that I ſhould take ſuch an oath)
That if *William* had had ſuch a noſe, I would neuer ha lov'd him.

Enter Will. Cricket.

Will. What a talking is here of noſes and faces?

Come *Pegge*, wee are towarde marriage; let vs talke of that may doe vs good: Granam, what wil you giue vs toward howse-keeping?

Moth. M. Why *William*, we are talking of *Rob. Goodfellow*: What thinke you of him?

Will. Marrie I say he lookes like a tankerd bearer,
That dwels in Petticoate lane, at the signe of the Meare-maide;
And I sweare by the bloud of my codpiece,
An I were a woman I would lug off his laue eares,
Or run him to death with a spit: and for his face,
I thinke tis pittie there is not a lawe made,
That it should be fellonie to name it in any other places, then in baudie houses:
But Granam what wil you giue vs?

Moth. M. Marrie I wil giue *Pegge* a pot and a pan,
Two platters, a dish and a spoone, a dogge, and a cat:
I trow sheele prooue a good huswife,
And loue hir husband well too.

Will. If she loue me Ile loue hir, yfaith my sweet honny combe, Ile loue thee, A *per se* A.
We must be askt in Church next Sunday, and weel be married presently.

Pegge. Yfaith *William* weele haue a merry day ont.

Mother M. That wee will yfaith *Pegge*: weele haue a whole noise of fiddlers there:
Come *Pegge* lets hie vs home, weele make a bag-pudding to supper,
And *William* shall go and sup with vs.

Will. Come on yfaith. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fortunatus *and* Sophos.

Fort. Why how now *Sophos*, al a *mort*? stil languishing in (loue?
Wil not the presence of thy friend preuaile?
Nor hope expell these sullen fits?
Cannot mirth wring, if but a forged smile,
From those sad drouping lookes of thine?

Rely

Relye on hope, whose hap will lead thee right,
To her, whom thou dost call thy hearts delight;
Looke cheerely man: the time is neere at hand,
That *Hymen* mounted on a snow white coach,
Shal tend on *Sophos* and his louely bride.

Sophos. Tis impossible: her Father, man, her father,
Hees al for *Peter Ploddall.*

Fortunatus. Should I but see that *Ploddall* offer loue,
This sword should pearce the pesants breast,
And chase his soule from his accursed corps
By an vnwonted way vnto the griesly lake.
But now the appointed time is neere,
That *Churms* should come with his supposed loue:
Then sit we down vnder these leauie shades [*They sit down.*
And waight the time of *Lelias* wisht approach.

Sophos. I: here Ile waight for *Lelias* wisht approach,
More wisht to me, then is a calme at seas,
To shipwrackt soules, when great God *Neptune* frownes.
Though sad despaire hath almost drown'd my hopes,
Yet would I passe the burning vaults of *Orke*,
As erst did *Hercules* to fetch his loue,
If I might meete my loue vpon the strond } *Enter* Robin
And but enioy her loue one minute of an hour. } Goodfellow.
But stay: what man, or diuell, or hellish fiend comes here,
Transformed in this ougly vncouth shape?

Fortunatus. O, peace a while: you shal see good sport anone.

Robin. Now I am cloathed in this hellish shape,
If I could meete with *Sophos* in these woods,
O, he would take me for the Diuell himselfe,
I should ha good laughing, beside the fortie shillings *Peter Ploddall* has giuen mee: and if I get noe more I am sure of that.
But soft: now I must trie my cunning, for here he sits.
The high commander of the damned soules
Great *Dis* the Duke of Diuels and Prince of *Limbo* Lake,
High Regent of *Acheron*, *Styx* and *Phlegeton*,

By ſtrict command from *Pluto*, Hels great Monarch,
And faire *Proſerpina* the Queene of Hell,
By full conſent of all the damned Hagges
And all the fiends that keepe the *Stygian* plaines,
Hath ſent me here from depth of vnder ground,
To ſommon thee to appeare at *Plutoes* Court.

Fortunatus. A man or Diuell? or what ſo ere thou art,
Ile trie if blowes will driue thee downe to hell.
Belike thou art the Diuels Paritor,
The baſeſt officer that liues in Hell,
For, ſuch thy words imports thee for to be:
Tis pittie you ſhould come ſo farre without a fee.
And becauſe I know mony goes lowe with *Sophos*,
Ile pay you your fees: [*Hee beates him,*] take that, & that, and that:

Robin. O good Sir, I beſeech you, Ile do any thing;

Fortunatus. Then downe to Hell, for ſure thou art a Diuell.

Robin. O hold your hands, I am not a Diuell by my troth.

Fortunatus. Sounds, doſt thou croſſe mee? I ſay thou art a Diuell. [*Beate him againe.*

Robin. O Lord ſir ſaue my life: and Ile ſay as you ſay, or any thing elſe youle ha me doe.

Fortunatus. Then ſtand vp and make a preachment of thy Pedigree, and how at firſt thou learnd'ſt this diueliſh trade: vp I ſay. *Beate him.*

Robin. O I wil Sir: [*Stands vpon a ſtoole.*

Although in ſome places, I beare the title of a ſcuruy gentleman:
By birth I am a boatewrites ſon of *Hull*,
My father got me of a refuſd hagge,
Vnder the olde ruines of *Boobies* barne,
Who as ſhe liu'd, at length ſhe likewiſe died,
And for her good deedes went vnto the Diuell.
But, Hell not wont to harbour ſuch a gueſt,
Her fellow fiends do daiely make complaint

Vnto

Vnto grim *Pluto*, and his louely Queene,
Of her vnruly misse behauiour:
Intreating that a pasport might be drawne
For her to wander till the day of doome,
On earth againe to vex the mindes of men,
And swore she was the fittest fiend in Hell
To driue men to desperation.
To this intent her pasport straight was drawne,
And in a whirle wind forth of Hell she came;
Ore hills she hurles, and scowres along the plaines:
The trees flew vp bith rootes, the earth did quake for feare,
The houses tumble downe, she playes the Diuell and all:
At length not finding any one so fit
To effect her diuelish damned charge as I:
She comes to me, as to her onely childe,
And me her instrument on earth she made,
And by that meanes I learnd this diuellish trade.

Sophos. O monstrous villane!

Fortunatus. But tell me: whats thy course of life, & how thou shiftest for maintenance in the world?

Robin. Faith Sir, I am in a manner a promoter,
Or more fitly term'd a promoting knaue:
I creepe into the presence of great men,
And vnder colour of their friendships,
Effect such wonders in the world
That babes wil curse me, that are yet vnborne.
Of the best men, I raise a common fame,
And honest women rob of their good name:
Thus dayly tumbling-in comes all my thrift,
That I get best is got but by a shift:
But the chiefe course of all my life,
Is to set discord betwixt man and wife.

Fortunatus. Out vpon thee *Canniball*, [*He beates him.*
Dost thou thinke thou shalt euer come to heauen?

Robin. I little hope for heauen or heauenly blisse:
But if in hell doth any place remaine,
Of more esteeme then is another roome,

I hope, as guerdon for my iust desert,
To haue it for my detestable acts.
Fort. Wert not, thy tongue condemnes thy guiltie soule,
I could not thinke that on this liuing earth
Did breath a villane so audacious.
Go get thee gone, and come not in my walke. [*Beate him.*
For if thou dost, thou comest vnto thy woe.
Rob. The diuel himself was neuer coniur'd so. [*Exit Rob.*
Sophos. Sure hees no man, but an incarnate diuel,
Whose ougly shape bewrayes his monstrous mind.
Fortunatus. And if he be a diuel, I am sure hees gone:
But *Churms* the Lawyer wil be here anone,
And with him comes my sister *Lelia:*
Tis he I am sure you looke for.
Sophos. Nay, shee it is that I expect so long.
Fort. Then sit we down vntil we heare more newes:
This but a prologue to our play ensewes. [*They sit downe.*
But see where *Churms* and *Lelia* comes along: } *Enter* Churms
He walks as stately as the great Baboone. } *and* Lelia.
Sounds, he lookes as though his mother were a midwife.
Sophos. Now gentle *Ioue*, great Monarke of the world,
Grant good successe vnto my wandring hopes.
Churms. Now *Phœbus* siluer eye is drencht in westerne deepe
And *Luna* gins to show her splendant raies,
And al the harmlesse quiresters of wood
Do take reprose, saue onely *Philomele:*
Whose heauie tunes do euermore record,
With morneful laies the losses of her loue.
Thus farre faire loue we passe in secret sort,
Beyond the compasse of thy fathers bounds,
Whilst he on down-soft bed securely sleepes
And not so much as dreames of our depart,
The dangers past, now thinke on nought but loue,
Ile be thy deare, be thou my hearts delight:
Sophos. Nay first, Ile send thy soule to cole blacke night,
Churms. Thou promis'd loue: now seale it with a kisse.
Fort. Nay soft Sir, your mark's at the fairest.

Forsweare

Forſweare her loue, and ſeale it with a kiſſe,
Vpon the burniſht ſplendor of this blade;
Or it ſhal rip the intrailes of thy peſant hart.
Sophos. Nay, let me do it, thats my part.
Churms. You wrong me much to rob me of my loue.
Sophos. Auant, baſe braggard: *Lelias* mine.
Churms. She lately promiſ'd loue to me.
Fortunatus. Peace, Night-Rauen, peace, Ile ende this controuerſie.
Come *Lelia*, ſtand betweene them both,
As equall Iudge to ende this ſtrife:
Say which of theſe ſhal haue thee to his wife:
I can deuiſe no better way then this,
Now chooſe thy loue: and greete him with a kiſſe,
Lelia. My choice is made: and here it is. [*She kiſſes* Sophos.
Sophos. See here the mirrour of true conſtancie:
Whoſe ſtedfaſt loue deſerues a Princes worth.
Lelia. Maſter *Churms* are you not well?
I muſt confeſſe I would haue choſen you,
But that I nere beheld your legs till now:
Truſt me I neuer lookt ſo low before.
Churms. I know you vſe to looke aloft.
Lelia. Yet not ſo high as your crowne.
Churms. What if you had?
Lelia. Faith I ſhould ha ſpied but a Calues head.
Churms. Sounds, coſend of the wench and ſcoft at too?
Tis intolerable: and ſhal I looſe her thus?
How t mads me, that I brought not my ſworde and buckler with me!
Fort. What, are you in your ſword & buckler tearms?
Ile put you out of that humor:
There *Lelia* ſends you that by me, [*Beates him.*
And that, to recompence your loues deſire:
And that, as payment for your wel earn'd hire.
Go get thee gon, and boaſt of *Lelias* loue.
Churms. Where ere I goe Ile leaue with her my curſe,
And raile on you with ſpeeches vilde.

Fortunatus. A craftie knaue was neuer ſo beguil'd.
Now *Sophos* hopes haue had their luckie haps,
And he enioyes the preſence of his loue,
My vow's perform'd, and I am full reueng'd
Vpon this Hell-bred brace of curſed Imps:
Now reſts nought but my fathers free conſent
To knit the knot that time can nere vntwiſt.
And that, as this, I likewiſe wil performe,
No ſooner ſhal *Auroraes* pearled deaw,
Oreſpread the mantled earth with ſiluer drops
And *Phœbus* bleſſe the Orient with a bluſh,
To chace blacke night to her deformed Cell,
But Ile repaire vnto my fathers houſe,
And neuer ceaſe with my inticing words,
To worke his wil to knit this Gordian knot,
Till when Ile leaue you to your amorous chatte,
Deare friend adieu, faire ſiſter too farewel,
Betake your ſelues vnto ſome ſecret place:
Vntil you heare from me how things fall out.

Exit Fortunatus.

Sophos. We both do wiſh a fortunate goodnight:
Lelia. And pray the Gods to guide thy ſteps aright.
Sophos. Now come faire *Lelia*, lets betake our ſelues
Vnto a little Hermitage hereby:
And there to liue obſcured from the world
Till fates and Fortune call vs thence away,
To ſee the ſunſhine of our Nuptiall day.
See how the twinkling Starres do hide their borrowed ſhine
As halfe aſham'd their luſter ſo is ſtain'd,
By *Lelias* beautious eyes that ſhine more bright,
Then twinkling Starres do in a winters night:
In ſuch a night did *Paris* win his loue.
Lelia. In ſuch a night, *Æneas* prou'd vnkind.
Sophos. In ſuch a night did *Troilus* court his deare.
Lelia. In ſuch a night, faire *Phyllis* was betraid,
Sophos. Ile proue as true as euer *Troylus* was.
Lelia. And I as conſtant as *Penelope*.

Sophos

Sophos. Then let vs ſolace, and in loues delight,
And ſweet imbracings ſpend the liue-long night.
And whilſt loue mounts her on her wanton wings,
Let Deſcant run on Muſicks ſiluer ſtrings. *Exeunt.*

A SONGE.

1

OLde Tithon *muſt forſake his deare,*
The Larke doth chante her chearefull lay:
Aurora *ſmiles with merry cheere,*
To welcome in a happy day.

2

The beaſts doſkippe,
The ſweete birds ſing:
The wood Nymphs dance,
The Ecchoes ring.

3

The hollow caues with ioy reſounds:
And pleaſure euery where abounds:
The Graces linking hand in hand,
In loue haue knit a glorious band.

Enter Robin Goodfellow, *olde* Ploddall, *and his ſonne* Peter.

Ploddall. Heare you Maſter *Goodfellow*: how haue you ſped?

Peter. Ha you plaid the Diuel brauely, and ſcard the ſcholler out ons wits?

Robin. A pox of the Scholler.

Ploddall. Nay harke you: I ſent you vortie ſhillings, and you ſhal haue the cheeſe I promiſ'd you too.

Robin. A plague of the vortie ſhillings, and the Cheeſe too.

Peter. Heare you, wil you giue me the powder you told me of?

Robin. How you vex me! powder quotha? Sounds I ha been powderd.

Ploddall. Son, I doubt hee wil proue a craftie knaue, and coſen vs of our money:
Weele go to Maſter Iuſtice and complaine on him, and get him whipt out oth Countrie for a Connicatcher.

Peter. I, or haue his eares naild to the Pillorie:
Comes lets goe. *Exeunt* Ploddall *and his ſonne.*

Enter Churms.

Churms. Fellow *Robin*, what newes? howe goes the world?

Robin. Faith, the world goes I cannot tell how:
How ſpeed you with your wench?

Churms. I would the wench were at the Diuel:
A plague vpont I neuer ſay my prayers, and that makes me haue ſuch ill lucke.

Robin. I think the ſcholler be haunted with ſome Demi-diuel.

Churms. Why, didſt thou fray him?

Robin. Fray him? a vengeance ont, all our ſhifting knauerie's knowne:
We are counted very vagrants:
Sounds, I am afraid of euerie officer, for whipping.

Churms. We are horribly haunted: our behauiour is ſo beaſtly, that we are growen loathſome, our craft gets vs nought but knocks.

Robin. What courſe ſhal we take now?

Churms. Faith I cannot tell: lets eene run our Countrie, for heres no ſtaying for vs.

Robin. Faith agreed: lets go into ſome place where wee are not knowne, and there ſet vp the art of knauerie with the ſecond edition. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Gripe, Solus.

Gripe. Euery one tels me I looke better than I was wont,
My hearts lightened, my ſpirits are reuiued,
Why me thinkes I am eene young againe;
It ioyes my heart that this ſame peeuiſh girle my daughter wil be rul'd at the laſt yet:
But I ſhall neuer be able to make M. *Churmes* amends for the great paines he has taken, *Enter* Nurſe.

Nur. Maſter, now out vpons, welladay: we are al vndone!

Gripe. Vndone? what ſodaine accident hath chanc't?
Speake whats the matter?

Nurſe. Alas that euer I was borne!
My Miſtreſſe and Mr. *Churms* are run away together.

Gripe. Tis not poſſible: nere tell me. I dare truſt Maſter *Churms* with a greater matter then that.

Nurſe. Faith you muſt truſt him whether you will or no, for hees gone. *Enter* Will. Cricket.

Will. M. *Gripe*, I was comming to deſire that I might haue your abſence at my wedding: for I heare ſay you are very liberall growen alate.
For I ſpake with three or foure of your debters this morning,
that ought you hundred pounds a piece:
And they tolde me, that you ſent M. *Churmes* to them and tooke of ſome ten pounds,
And of ſome twentie, and deliuered them their bondes,
And bad them pay the reſt when they were able.

Gripe. I am vndon: I am robd: my daughter, my mony!
Which way are they gone?

Will. Faith Sir, its all to nothing but your daughter and M. *Churms* are gone both one way:
Marrie your mony flies ſome one waies and ſome another:
And therefore tis but a folly to make hue and crie after it.

Gripe. Follow them: make hue and cry after them.
My daughter, my mony, alls gone, what ſhall I doe?

Will. Faith if you will be rul'd by me,
Ile tell you what you ſhall doe:

(Marke what I ſay) for Ile teach you the way to come to heauen, if you ſtumble not:
Giue all you haue to the poore,
But one ſingle penny, and with that penny buy you a good ſtrong halter,
And when you ha done ſo: come to mee and Ile tell you what you ſhall do with it.

Gripe. Bring me my daughter: that *Churms*, that villane, Ile teare him with my teeth.

Nurſe. Maſter, nay pray you do not run mad:
Ile tell you good newes:
My young Maſter *Fortunatus* is come home: and ſee where he comes. [*Enter* Fortunatus.

Gripe. If thou hadſt ſayd *Lelia*, it had beene ſomething.

Fort. Thus *Fortunatus* greetes his Father,
And craues his bleſſing on his bended knee.

Gripe. I, heers my ſonne: but *Lelia* ſheele not come.
Good *Fortunatus* riſe: wilt thou ſhed teares,
And help thy father mone?
If ſo, ſay I: if not good ſonne be gone.

Fort. What moues my father to theſe vncouth fits?

Will. Faith Sir, hees almoſt mad: I thinke he cannot tell you:
And therefore I preſuming Sir, that my wit is ſomething better than his, at this time (do you marke Sir?)
Out of the profound circumambulation of my ſupernaturall wit Sir (do you vnderſtand?)
Will tel you the whole ſuperfluity of the matter Sir:
Your ſiſter *Lelia* Sir you know is a woman,
As another woman is Sir.

Fort. Well, and what of that?

Will. Nay nothing Sir, but ſhee fell in loue with one *Sophos* a very proper wiſe young man Sir:
Now Sir, your Father would not let hir haue him, Sir:
But would haue married hir to one Sir,
That would haue fed hir with nothing but barly bag-puddings and fat bacon:

Now

Now Sir to tell you the truth,
The foole ye know has fortune to land:
But M. *Lelias* mouth doth not hang for that kind of dyet.
Fort. And how then?
VVill. Marrie then there was a certaine craking, cogging, pettisogging, buttermilke slaue Sir, one *Churms* Sir, that is the very quintessence of all the knaues in the bunch; And if the best man of all his kin had been but so good as a yeoman mans sonne:
He should haue been a markt knaue by letters patents,
And hee Sir comes me sneaking, and cosens them both of their wench, and is run away with hir:
And Sir belike hee has cosend your father heere of a great deale of his mony too.
Nurse. Sir your father did trust him but too much;
But I alwaies thought he would prooue a crafty knaue.
Gripe. My trusts betrai'd, my ioyes exil'd:
Griefe kils his heart, my hopes beguil'd,
Fort. Whtere golden gaine doth bleare a fathers eyes,
That pretious pearle fetcht from *Pernassus* mount,
Is counted refuse, worse then *Bullen* brasse;
Both ioyes and hope hang of a silly twine,
That still is subiect vnto flitting time:
That tournes ioy into griefe, and hope to sad despaire,
And ends his dayes in wretched worldly care.
Were I the richest Monarch vnder heauen,
And had one daughter thrice as faire,
As was the Grecian *Menelaus* wife,
Ere I would match hir to an vntaught swaine,
Though one whose wealth exceeded *Crœsus* store,
Hir selfe should choose, and I applaud hir choise,
Of one more poore then euer *Sophos* was,
Were his deserts but equall vnto his.
If I might speake without offence;
You were to blame to hinder *Lelias* choice.
As she in Natures graces doth excell:
So doth *Minerua* grace him full as well.

Nurse

Nurse. Now, by cocke and pie, you neuer spoke a truer word in your life, hees a very kind gentleman:
For last time he was at our house he gaue me three pence.

Will. O nobly spoken: God send *Pegge* to prooue as wise a woman as hir Mother, and then we shall be sure to haue wise children.
Nay if he be so liberall: olde Gransire you shall giue him the good-will of your daughter.

Gripe. She is not mine: I haue no daughter now.
That I should say I had, thence comes my griefe:
My care of *Lelia*, past a fathers loue,
My loue of *Lelia* makes my losse the more.
My losse of *Lelia* drowns my heart in woe:
My hearts woe makes this life a liuing death:
Care, Loue, Losse, Hearts-woe, liuing death,
Ioyne all in one, to stop this vitall breath.
Curst be the time I gap't for golden gaine,
I curse the time, I crost hir in hir choice.
Hir choyce was virtuous, but my wil was base,
I sought to grace hir from the *Indian* Mines,
But she sought honour from the starrie Mount:
What franticke fit possest my foolish braine?
What furious fancie fired so my heart,
To hate faire Virtue and to scorne desert?

Fortunatus. Then father giue desert his due,
Let Natures graces and faire virtues giftes,
One sympathie and happy consort make,
Twixt *Sophos* and my sister *Lelias* loue:
Conioyne their hands, whose hearts haue long beene one,
And so conclude a happy vnion.

Gripe. Now tis too late:
What Fates decree, can neuer be recall'd:
Hir luckless loue is fall'n to *Churms* his lot,
And he vsurps faire *Lelias* nuptiall bed.

Fortunatus. That cannot be: feare of pursuit must needes prolong his nuptiall rights.
But if you giue your full consent,

That

That *Sophos* may enioy his long wisht loue,
And haue faire *Lelia* to his louely bride,
Ile follow *Churmes* what ere betide.
Ile be as swifte as is the light foote Roe,
And ouertake him ere his iournies end:
And bring faire *Lelia* backe vnto my friend.
Gripe. I, heers my hand: I do consent,
And thinke hir happie in hir happie choice,
Yet halfe foreiudge my hopes will be deceiu'd.
But *Fortunatus:* I must needes commend,
Thy constant mind thou bear'st vnto thy friend.
The after ages wondring at the same:
Shall sait's a deede deseruing lasting fame.
Fort. Then rest you here til I returne againe,
Ile go to *Sophos* ere I goe along:
And bring him here to keepe you company.
Perhaps he hath some skill in hidden arts,
Of Planets course, or secret magicke spells,
To know where *Lelia* and that Foxe lies hid,
Whose craft so cunningly conuaid hir hence, *Exit* Fortu.
Gripe. I: here Ile rest an houre or twaine,
Till *Fortunatus* doe returne againe.
Will. Faith Sir, this same *Churms* is a very scuruy Lawer: For once I put a case to him: and me thought his law was not worth a pudding.
Gripe. Why what was your case?
Will. Marry Sir, my case was a gooses case: For my dog wirried my neighbours sow, and the sow died.
Nurse. And hee sued you vpon wilfull murther?
VVil. No: but he went to law with me, and would make me either pay for his sow, or hang my dogge: Now Sir to this same Retourner I went.
Nurse. To beg a pardon for your dogge?
VVill. No: but to haue some of his wit for my mony, I gaue him his fee, and promised him a goose beside, for his counsaile.
Now Sir his counsaile was to denie all was askt me,

And to craue a longer time to answere,
Though I knew the case was plaine,
So Sir I take his counsaile: and alwaies when he sends to me
for his goose, I denie it, and craue a longer time to answere.

Nurse. And so the case was yours, & the goose was his.
And so it came to be a gooses case.

VVill. True: but now we are talking of geese,
See where *Pegge* and my Granam Midnight comes.

Enter M. Midnight *and* Pegge.

Moth. M. Come *Pegge*, bestire your stumpes: make thy
selfe smuggo, wench; thou must be married to morrow:
Lets goe seeke out thy sweete heart,
To prepare all things in readinesse.

Pegge. Why Granam, looke where he is.

VVill. Ha my sweet Tralilly, I thought thou couldst spie
me amongst a hundred honest men.
A man may see that loue will creepe where it cannot goe.
Ha my sweet and too sweet: shall I say the tother sweet?

Pegge. I, say it and spare not.

VVill. Nay I will not say it, I will sing it.
Thou art mine owne sweete heart,
From thee Ile neuer depart:
Thou art my Ciperillie:
And I thy Trangdidowne dilly,
And sing hey ding a ding ding:
And do the tother thing,
And when tis done not misse,
To giue my wench a kisse:
And then dance canst thou not hit it?
Ho braue *VVilliam Cricket!*
How like you this Granam?

Mother M. Marrie gods benison light on thy good
hart, fort:
Ha, that I were young againe!
Y faith I was an olde doer at these loue songs when I was a
girle.

Nurse. Now by the Marry mattens, *Peg* thou hast got
the

the merriest woer in all Womanshire.

Pegge. Faith, I am none of those that loue nothing but Tum dum diddle,
If he had not beene a merrie shauer, I would neuer haue had him.

Wil. But come my wimble lasse, let al these matters passe:
And in a bouncing brauation, lets talke of our copulation:
What good cheere shal we haue to morrow?
Old Grandsir Thickskin, you that sit there as melancholy as a mantletree, what will you giue vs towarde this merrie meeting?

Gripe. Marry, because you told me a merrie gooses case:
Ile bestow a fat goose on ye: and God giue you luck.

Mother M. Marry wel said old master; eene God giue them ioy indeed, for by my vay, they are a good sweete yong couple.

Will. Granam stand out oth way, for here come gentlefolke wil run ore ye else. { *Enter* Fortuna, Soph. & Lelia.

Nurse. Master, here comes your sonne againe.

Gripe. Is *Fortunatus* there?
Welcome *Fortunatus*; where's *Sophos*?

Fortunatus. Here *Sophos* is, as much ore-worne with loue,
As you with griefe for losse of *Lelia*.

Sophos. And ten times more if it be possible.
The loue of *Lelia* is to me more deare,
Then is a kingdome or the richest crowne
That ere adorn'd the temples of a king.

Gripe. Then welcome *Sophos*: thrice more welcome now
Then any man on earth to me or mine.
It is not now with me as late it was;
I lowrd at learning, and at vertue spurnd:
But now my heart and mind and all is tournd.
Were *Lelia* here, I soone would knit the knot
Twixt her and thee, that time could nere vntie,
Till fatall sisters victorie had wonne,
And that your glasse of life were quite outrun.

Will. Sounds, I thinke he be spur-blind. Why, *Lelia* stands

hard by him.

Lelia. And *Lelia* here falles prostrate on her knee.
And craues a pardon for her late offence.

Gripe. What *Lelia*, my daughter? stand vp wench:
Why now my ioy is full:
My heart is lightned of all sad annoy:
Now farewell griefe, and welcome home my ioy.
Here *Sophos*, take thy *Lelias* hand:
Great God of heauen your hearts combine
In virtues lore to raise a happie line.

Sophos. Now *Phaeton* hath checkt his fierie steeds,
And quencht his burning beames that late were wont
To melt my waxen winges when as I soard aloft:
And louely *Venus* smiles with faire aspect
Vpon the Spring time of our sacred loues,
Thou great commander of the circled Orbs,
Grant, that this league of lasting amitie
May lye recorded by Eternitie.

Lelia. Then wisht content knit vp our Nuptiall right:
And future ioyes our former griefes requite.

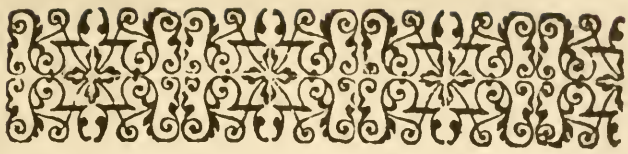
Will. Nay an you be good at that, Ile tel you what weele doe.
Pegge and I must be married to morrow; and if you will, weele goe all tuth Church together: and so saue Sir *Iohn* a labour.

All. Agreed.

Fortunatus. Then march along, and lets be gon,
To solemnize two marriages in one. *Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA



THE EPILOGVE.

GEntles, all compast in this circled rounde,
Whose kind aspects do patronize our sports:
To you Ile bend as low as to the earth,
In all the humble complements of curtesie.
But if there be, (as tis no doubt there is)
In all this round some Cinique censurers,
Whose onely skill consists in finding faults,
That haue like Midas *mightie Asses eares,*
Quicke iudgements that will strike at euerie stale,
And perhaps such as can make a large discourse
Out of Scogginsiests, *or the hundred merrie tales:*
Marrie if you go any further, tis beyond their reading;
To these I say, I scorne to lend a looke,
And bid them vanish vapours, and so let them passe.
But to the other sort, that heare with loue, and iudge with fauour,
To them we leaue, to censure of our play:
And if they like our playes Catastrophe,
Then let them grace it with a Plaudite. Exit.

FINIS.

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.
This book is due on the last date stamped below, or on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

SEP 6 - 1966 11

RECEIVED
NOV 7 '66 -12 M
LOAN DEPT.

JAN 20 1967 7

RECEIVED
MAR 24 '67 -12 M
LOAN DEPT.

MAY 27 1968 27

RECEIVED
JUN 12 '68 -11 AM
LOAN DEPT.

LD 21A-60m-10,'65
(F7763s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C031816058

242124

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY